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THE BABE AND THE MINSTREL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A church in its mother's arms
Look'd from a concerted high,
And pleasure o'er its features stray'd
As on his simple organ play'd
A lay of Italy.

Sh, shy by day; its still ha piled,
With still recreating sod,
For well the glittering orm as knew
That, pleased, those fairy fingers drew
Would buy his finger bread.

But then, alas! there came a change,—
Unnoticed was his song,—
And in dark agony's, earnest eye
There dwelt a silent wonder why
The baby sings so long.

That polished brow, those lips of rose
Beneath the flowers were laid,—
But silent fingerers never glow
Among the white-robed angel choirs
The stainless spirits play!

Still, lingering at the accustomed place
The minstrel plied his art,—
Though he felt sympathy of words
Untuned with pain the broken chords
Within the mother's heart.

They left him that the child was dead
And must return no more,—
Dead! dead!—ah he beneathered ear,
A foreign surges heard to tone,
The strand no longer bore.

At length,—by slow degrees the truth
Ov'er his young spirit rolls,
And with sad step he went his way,
Where, in the church, his babe to play,
The tomb-stones lay so cold.

Washington, D. C., May 15th, 1858.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;
OR,
PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHASE.

The main creek was distant some fifty yards from the concealment of the fugitives; and the paddles of the savages, as they approached and passed the mouth of the inlet, could be distinctly heard; but all sounds gradually died away as they continued up the stream, and for several minutes deep silence again prevailed.

"By thunder!" said Seth, at length, in a guarded whisper; "if we only had our boat in the creek now, I do believe we could go down and git the brutes the dodge, after all!"

"I'm afraid it's advisable to make the venture," replied Eugene, in the same guarded whisper, "we can quickly run the boat down."

"No, Cap'n—it wouldn't do to risk doing it now—leave we don't know how soon the thieves mought come back; and any kind of a mistake would go ten the advantage of them fire and attack, which we've got now, the way things is."

After this remark, some five, ten, and even fifteen minutes passed away during which, now one or two far-off yells, apparently of disappointment, colding was heard of the enemy.

"I do believe it mought ben done!" again whispered Seth, in a moment forbearing not a little regret for the loss of so unanimous an opportunity of escape. "I do believe it mought hev been done! But then how we a follerin to leave them the nating hounds was a gwine so far off afore they come back?"

"But might it not be tried still?" inquired Eugene, anxiously.

"No!" replied Seth—"it's too late now, sar'n't. Heck! I don't you hear 'em agin?"

"I hear nothing but the twittering of some birds," said Eugene, after listening a short time.

"That's hase you an't use to 'em, as well as me," rejoined Seth.

"But where do they seem to be?" inquired the other. "Have they discovered our retreat? and are they following up on the back trail?"

"It's mighty hard telling what the brutes is doing; for the sounds is so much powerful weak, and the savages hev a way of their own; but I reckon one leaf arn't'ersting enough for us—thinking as we've dodged up among the bushes somewhat—while t'other's gone straight on, to make for the big river."

"But will they not be likely to think we have betaken ourselves to the water, and so either give up the search or take to the woods themselves?" inquired Eugene, hurriedly, with another slight renewal of hope.

"If they'd find the boat and not us, I think sh'ar how they mought," answered Seth; "but they'll know we couldn't take that with us; and till they find that, it's purty likely they'll keep on the search."

With now and then a remark of a similar nature, minute after minute, and even hour after hour, went by, without the enemy making his appearance, though more than once heard in so close a proximity as to cause our friends to move firmly grasp their weapons, and incase their nerves for the dread encounter.

Hour after hour, we say, thus passed away, and finally all sounds connected with the enemy ceased entirely. What could it mean? Had the Indians searched long, and diligently, and in vain, and returned disappointed to their companions? This would have been a natural inference, had the pursuers been other than the keen, vigilant, patient natives of the forest—who, with a sort of fallen watchfulness, never deserted their prey while there remained a hope of capture; and it might be the case even as it was; and the very thought was calculated to awaken the most agonizing and tormented feelings of hope in the breasts of those whom lives and liberty depended upon the fact.

As the excitement consequent upon what was believed to be the sharp pursuit began to die away, there arose a feeling of hunger began to engage the day, and neither of the fugitives could remember since the usual supper-hour of the preceding evening.

"Even if we do escape from the Indians, it may only be to perish of hunger at last," said Eugene in his companion in adversity.

"Well, only let us get away from the fust, and I'rther won't bother use a great deal," said Seth; "for I can live on a'most anything, and anywhar! If we only had a rifle along, and it wasn't so dangerous to shoot, I'd soon fetch you suthing for the wrush to cook; but as it ar', of we can only git ar'ther about agin, and leave all the red niggers afoind us, I s'pect I'm like we can hold out two or three days, anyhow; and by that time, of we hev good luck, we'll reach somewhar, unless all the people out hevways has traveled."

"Do you not think we may be near some station?" inquired Eugene.

"Can't say, Cap'n—base I don't know what we is—but it's like we may in as near as fifty or a hundred miles."

"And that distance, if we were fairly in the current of the Ohio, we could soon pass!"

"If we didn't run the risk of the last night," returned Seth—"go up stream just as fast, if not a little faster, than the water could take us down."

"Do you really think we went up stream all night? Is it not as likely that we were going down stream, a part of the time at least? and that this is not the same band of savages that captured our boat?"

"Don't know nothing 'bout what we done, and that'sarn'ower can't tell, I'm sure."

"It has been more than an hour now," observed Eugene, "since we heard the savages go past us on their fruitless search; and, so, do you not think we had better reconnoiter our position, and ascertain whether and there have retired, or are on the watch?"

"That arn't a bad idee, Cap'n—and of you like, I'll try it by myself, while you just stay here quiet, and keep a sharp look out."

Saying this, Seth slowly gathered himself upon his feet, stretched, and yawned, and, without replying to the cautious, gilded stealthily through the bushes, and soon disappeared, leaving Eugene to await his return in anxious suspense. For some quarter of an hour the latter did not change his position, but listened almost breathlessly, and as time started nervously, when any unusual sound broke upon his ear. Longer Seth remained absent without a warning signal, the more he felt he had reason to hope; and at length he crept stealthily back to the boat; and as noiselessly, that neither Blanche—who was sitting on one of the thwarts, with her head resting on her hands—appeared to be aware of his presence.

"Blanche!" he whispered.

The maiden looked up quickly, with something of a start, and replied:

"I care nothing for food at present, Eugene; but this long suspense I find to be very trying—very painful—as much so that I would have my fate settled, be it for good or be it for evil. What hope is there of our escape?"

"Much more, I think, than when we entered the creek in the morning," replied Eugene; "but still there is nothing certain. The enemy has apparently departed; and I trust that Seth, who has been some time gone to reconnoitre, will soon return with good news."

THE CAPTIVES AND THE RESCUER.

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Blanche; "but delay, good or bad, he is under another effect to escape—for better can I bear perilous activity, than this life, even though peaceful, uncertainty."

"But is it not better for us to bear any uncertainty in freedom, however gloomy, than by enduring to complete captivity, with hope, perils, and peril in becoming the victims of a savage foe?"

"Eugene, you misunderstand me—my meaning was you, dear Blanche, was not only warrant, but commanded, on account peril, at a moment when I fancied a bold effort might save you, even though at the cost of my own life; and now you would plunge into danger yourself, merely to escape from your own thoughts! Do not think of such a thing—it is wrong; and you yourself must confess that, if it was not right for me, it cannot be for you."

"It is not right, Eugene!" rejoined Blanche, quickly; "it is true right; and instead of frivolous complainings, I will humbly and earnestly thank God that we are yet all living, and still beyond the grasp of our foes!"

"Ah! we do so, Miss Blanche, that now we bear to you glad tidings from those you love!" replied Eugene; "and had I been known to what my message was to bear, sooner would I have suffered torture than have delivered it, and then brought you into perils from which I would now gladly give my life to rescue you. Twice have I sought to save your honor and life; and oh! why was it so fated that these dark misfortunes, if connected in full sight me, could not have fallen when you were not present?"

"Still, Eugene! I pray you think more of yourself and less of me!" said Blanche, sinking down, with a slight glow gently diffusing itself over her pale features. "You are continually speaking of my life, as if it were more valuable than your own; and yet it is as important for you to escape as me—more important, if only one of us can."

Eugene started, for there was something in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, more, even than in the words themselves, that seemed to express an interest of the fair girl in his welfare, beyond that of mere companionship and friendship, which caused his heart to beat wildly; and he was about to make a reply in keeping with his feelings, when a hand suddenly placed upon his shoulder caused him to check his utterance, and turn quickly, prepared to strike should it prove to be an enemy.

But it was only the boatman, who had stolen cautiously up, unheard and unperceived by either Blanche or Eugene, who, with a finger on his lip, gave a warning reproof:

"You keep bad watch, Cap'n! If I'd a been a cussed Wyandot or Shawnee, I'd a had all your scalps afore now."

"But what news? what news, Seth?" quickly inquired Eugene.

"Didn't get a sight o' nary nigger—unless it was t'other side o' the Ohio—and of that I arn't sartain."

"Ah, God be praised!" returned Eugene, fairly trembling with hope. "And do you think the savages have really left us, Seth, and gone back? given up the search entirely?"

"It kind o' looks that thar way," replied the boatman, "and I'm in the hopes to see something coming sometimes; that it won't do to be too sure of nothing; and it often happens that just as a feller think he's got away, he hain't."

"But if not gone back and given up the search, where do you suppose they are?" inquired Blanche.

"Skulking, like like, somewhar along down the creek, waiting for us to come out o' our hiding-place."

"Then it will not be safe for us to leave at present?"

"No, Miss Blanche, I reckon not."

"And how long will it be necessary for us to remain here?"

"I don't think it'll be safe to leave afore about sundown."

"And all this long day without food?" sighed Eugene; "not that I mind it so much myself, but that I know Miss Blanche must suffer."

"Well," rejoined Seth, "I'm one o' them that likes fur to be at a feeding time—but I'd rather starve a week than be cotched by the Injins, now they're so powerful nigh."

"Have yourself no trouble about me," said Blanche, "for I shall do very well through the day; but oh, I would that the night were come, for further action and the final decision of our fate!"

Slowly and wearily hour after hour passed away, nothing more being heard from the savages, and the fugitives remaining concealed in the manner we have already described. As the noiseless day drew near its close, the anxiety of our friends, with the exception of Seth, who was intensely intent, and they eagerly and tremulously watched for the going forth of the sun, as the signal for renewing their efforts at escape.

When at length the long-wished-for time had arrived, as indicated by the dark shades around them beginning to deepen into the darker gloom of night, the low but cheerful voice of Seth, as announced the welcome fact, sent a thrill almost of joy through the hearts of those who heard him.

"May God be with us, in this renewed attempt to escape from our enemies!" said Eugene, with fervent solemnity, as he and Seth re-entered the boat, and began slowly, cautiously, and silently to start it down the narrow, winding channel toward the larger creek.

So slowly and cautiously did our friends proceed in fact, that, though the distance to the main creek was not fairly a score's throw, yet some ten or fifteen minutes were consumed in getting there; by which time the shades of night had so thickened around them, that objects at a little distance could only be dimly perceived, and then generally in whatever shape the fancy chose to mold them.

"Now," whispered Seth, "you must all keep stillee than ever; for of the brutes is skulking about, it's like they'll be watching below here, and the least bit o' noise will bring them upon us. If we can only reach the channel of the Ohio this time, we'll jest gin 'em a fa'-well in hrnest."

Then carefully dipping his sculling oar, and working it easily and silently, he took the boat slowly forward down the center of the creek, guided by the faint light which stole in through the slight opening among the branches of the trees which overhung the gurgling stream.

Onward, slowly, cautiously, silently, passed the boat, its keel now with its human freight—each heart beating nervously with its contending emotions of hope and fear; while every object, on either side, was scanned by eager eyes, and every sound listened to with fear-quickened apprehension.

Another few, but anxious minutes, Blanche almost was taken up in traveling a distance which the same person had passed in the morning in one eighth of the time; and then the waters of the Ohio once more rolled before them, in a slim, but bright, light than they had left behind, gladdening their hearts with the hope that their salvation now was near.

But alas for human hopes and human joys, when the dread fiat of doom and woe has gone forth! for, like summer flowers in the wintry blast, they must utterly perish by a power against which there is no resistance power to guard.

Our friends had just fairly reached the mouth of the creek, and the waters of the Ohio, and were eagerly looking before them with interest and gladdened interest, when suddenly, with the most terrific and appalling yells, a canoe filled with savages shot out from a near cover, and poured in a deadly fire upon them. With a loud shriek, poor Rose, who had started wildly to her feet, fell forward upon her mistress, pierced through the heart and the brain; the gallant boatman, with a still louder cry—whether of pain, defiance, or mere laughter, none could tell—plunged suddenly over the side of the boat into the water, and disappeared; Eugene, as he impulsively rose, with the instinct of self-preservation, received a blow on the head, which shrieked him senseless upon the gory corpse of the black; while almost in the same breath, the half-fainting Blanche found herself violently seized and pinioned in the arms of a huge savage.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STARTLING RECOVERY.

The work was done! The foe had come! The suspense was ended! The doom had fallen! Our unfortunate voyagers, after all their hopes and fears, struggles and vicissitudes, were all now—save one, whose fate was alike unknown to friend or enemy—either still in death, or grappling in the power of a merciless and barbarous foe.

After taking possession of the boat and binding Blanche—sculping, stripping, and throwing overboard the body of her unfortunate servant—part of the savages seemed to hold a consultation over the senseless form of Eugene, whether to serve him in the same manner as they had the black or not; while the others plunged into the water in search of the missing boatman, who, whether living or dead, was not to be found. After a short suspense, during which the poor Blanche was the victim of the fate of Eugene, the latter began to show some signs of returning animation; and this seemed to be the decision of his enemies, who forthwith proceeded to bind him, and leave him to lie bound probably with a view of saving his life and reserving him for a more horrible doom.

In a little time everything was completed; and leaving one of their number with their prisoners, as a sort of guard, and attaching the boat to the canoe by a thong of deerskin, the savages set off across the river to join their friends on the other side.

On reaching the point where they had first been discovered by our voyagers, they gave the scalp halloo, followed by two others of a sharp, shrill, peculiar nature, as the signal of their successful return, and the number of their prisoners. These signals were immediately answered by a party on shore, who came down to the Ohio to meet them—and who kept, along the bank of the creek, as the canoes were being towed up, continually uttering the most wild, exulting yells, which were echoed, with rough—and which proved, indeed, to be the same party that had captured Eugene and Seth on the day previous, and from whom our friends, by a terrible fatality, had been unable to escape.

A few words of explanation must here be prayer, to show the true state of affairs. The savages, into whose hands the ill-fated captives had finally fallen, were a body of some fifty warriors belonging to the Shawnee tribe, and under the leadership of chief called by them, besides the renegade already mentioned, who, with four companions, was therefore authority, but also acted as an interpreter and decoy. They had come down hither from their town on the Miami, with the very same purpose, for the purpose of decoying on shore if they could, and of otherwise attacking and plundering the boats; and they had been successful in taking two, and would have been successful in three, and were about to break up their camp and return with their booty; when, during the night of the fatal Saturday, they were aroused by the noise made by our friends in their attempt to get off from the muddy shore where they had run their boat aground—hastening, at once their situation, the whole body of them, with the exception of the guard, immediately still, till the first boatman had fallen into their hands, when, supposing that all was safe, as between they were dispatching him, by giving warning to the others, had commenced the search—consciousness was no longer necessary, and had thus caused them to give vent to their own terrifying yells. Immediately after the number of the Shawnees who had fallen, and who had been left to guard the boat, and thus taken by surprise, as we have seen, in still more secure, they had fastened their ropes to it, and had started up the creek with the boat and all their possession, and partly by operating on shore, they had cautiously the boat up the creek, and, lowest it up the creek, as already known to the reader. In its new position, believing a perfectly safe one, they had come to the conclusion to remain till daylight—and also considering it best to assemble for them to escape—they had been more exiled to rest, leaving only one or two on the watch—and as Seth had discovered they would, had become drowsy and gradually fallen asleep.

Had it not been for the disturbance made by the boatman's plunge into the water—which must their escape without their enemies being aware of it till the following day; and even as it was, they might have got safely off, but for their fatal mistake in thinking the wrong direction—and heading against a current which naturally would have taken them some miles before during the few hours which then remained to them of darkness. In fact, the Indians had believed them to have escaped beyond a chance of being taken, and, considering the death of parents, they had turned back to the captured boat, and had lighted their fires, and forgotten their most sanguine expectations; but discovering the fugitives on the return of day, and at once comprehending the mistake they had made, they good humor had become much increased, and many and many had been their gratulations over the event.

Dispatching a couple of canoes in pursuit—one of which had returned along the middle of the day, while the other had remained at the mouth of the Kentucky creek on the watch—the main body had given themselves up to the hilarity and enjoyment occasioned by the unexpected acquisition of so much booty; and having brought forth the goods, and made a distribution of them in their rude way,

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they had sent stalking the liquor, and wound up the day with a boisterous carouse.

It was at this juncture of affairs that the signals of the last returning party announced their success, which yielded still more to increase the wild triumph of all; and as the prisoners began to speak in the leading point, the whole body flocked thither; and while Bagnet and Blanche were being moved from the boat, and the cords taken from their ankles, the strangest group was the result. Gathering in the fiercest scowls and yells of drunken excitement—their grim and battered visages changed, and their hair soaked and dusky forms, appearing to the eyes of Blanche, as they glided to and fro between and near the lurid lights of their camp-fires, like those of the fiercest demons of the infernal realm!

Prominent among those who crowded around the poor prisoners, leering in his hand a lighted pine-knot, was a short, square-built white man, apparently about thirty years of age, with black hair and eyes, and coarse, sensual features, and who was none other than the renegade who figured as the envoy of the savages in a preceding chapter. Throwing the light full upon the pale features of Blanche, and the somewhat bloody face of Eugene, as they stood almost side by side, he said, with a sneer:

"So, then, you're the runaways that have put us to all this here trouble, hey? Now what do you think of yourselves? Don't you think you've got you didn't do it? Who's the one I had a talk with last night?"

"I promise I am," answered Eugene, in a manner that seemed to denote that he thought himself bound to reply, in spite of the danger of positively answering that otherwise might be shown to him not his fair companion.

"And a nice business you made on't, with the beauty while you bragged about, didn't you? What's them their shooting-pieces now? and where's them air our going to shoot 'em?"

"I am in your power," returned Eugene, "and have no friends that can assist me now."

"No, nor you don't want none, after the way you treated us!" returned the other. "Didn't you tell me you wasn't agwine to escape? and didn't I tell you, if you'd surrender peaceable, that the Injuns would treat you as brothers?"

"But for all that, I thought I would prefer my liberty," replied the young Virginian. "Would you not yourself have made a like attempt under like circumstances?"

"I? yip! I would," returned the renegade; "but if I did, and didn't get away, I'd 'spect to take the consequences."

"I failed, and am therefore in the power of yourself and companions," answered the other.

"Oh, let us alone for knowing that; you needn't repeat that agin; the biggest fool on airth can get just amongst us can tell that liar as well as you. Yes, you're in our power, that's certin; and if we use it, you've no right to complain, for that's exactly what I told you to, I'd a fair in honor bound to see you treated decent, and you took your own course, and now have got to take the consequence, whatever they may be."

"If I've I would," returned the renegade; "but if I did, and didn't get away, I'd 'spect to take the consequence."

"I failed, and am therefore in the power of yourself and companions," answered the other.

"Oh, let us alone for knowing that; you needn't repeat that agin; the biggest fool on airth can get amongst us can tell that liar as well as you. Yes, you're in our power, that's certin; and if we use it, you've no right to complain, for that's exactly what I told you to, I'd a fair in honor bound to see you treated decent, and you took your own course, and now have got to take the consequence, whatever they may be."

"Can't say; but it's like you, at least, will roast as a sheer fire-ox."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Blanche, who had utterly unclothed the hideous face around her, and listened with painful interest to every word spoken.

"Surely," she added, quickly, "the Indians will not put him to the torture! Remember, he has done nothing to merit so cruel a treatment as that!"

"Who're you, that speaks up for him so quick and sharp?" cried the other, fiercely.

"He friend and companion in adversity," answered Blanche.

"Wife or sister?" gibbed the renegade.

To which returned Blanche, in a slight flush mantling her pale features, as she looked up at her rude questioner and the savages who were crowding around, she hastily replied, with reference to the conversation, though with the stolid air of persons who comprehended but little of what was said:

"Enough!" sneered the other; "I screen, I 'spose?"

"No, sir—not lovers, even!" returned Blanche, somewhat surly. "This gentleman is my friend and companion—my father's private secretary and agent; and even if he were not, I think you'd be self-justified in protecting against any cruelty being executed upon him."

"You my house," rejoined the other, "you're one on 'em for putting on airs! I remember, if I war in your situation, I'd think about myself!"

"Undoubtedly!" said Blanche, coolly. "It is an anything of a judge of human nature, I reckon, just the person who would think about yourself—in my sort of case, now, first, last, and solely!"

"Hello!" exclaimed the renegade, with an air of some surprise, at the same time turning the light of his torch to bear more clearly upon the features of Blanche; "beauty, wit, and pride, hey! and all combined in one lovely female! I reckon I'm rayther like wiring sharp and nasty! I reckon we two'll get better acquainted some when we're done."

"I fear so," replied Blanche, haughtily.

"Do you?" said the other, with a kind of laugh. "And what's the name of you, my dear?"

"I shall," was the uncomplimentary response.

"Enough!" indeed I" returned the renegade: "I'm sorry, however, you won't tell me; we'll get acquainted some when we're done."

A woman in distress, or you would not stand there and insult me!"

"Good!" returned the other, with a coarse, hearty laugh: "Beauty, wit, pride and spunk! Good! We can't afford to harm you, that's certin; you'll have to live to grow up the mother-in-law of a chief; and as I'm a sort of a chief, I think I'll speak for you fast. Only get you down—and a few months at hoeing corn, dragging wood and water, and cooking generally, I think I'll do that—and then I reckon you'll be one of the best pieces agoing."

Blanche returned no answer; but Eugene involuntarily uttered a groan, at the horrible picture that presented itself to his mind's perception.

"Humph!" grunted the renegade again, with a sneering smile, fixing his eyes upon the young Virginian: "then it takes you, does it? Well, we'll find a way to kick you one's that, afore you get out of sight, I'll warrant you!"

"You add insult to injury that makes didn't matter," replied the young man.

"Come, you two, cut, we'll take no airs from you, whatsomever we done from the gal! It's like her and you both had fast sights; but if you don't tell the truth now, I'll cut your cussed heart out! Which you'll name, Injun? what air you from? and what war you going to?"

Had Eugene been alone, he might have hesitated to reply to such insulting language, and so braved the anger of the other rather than give him satisfaction; and even as it was, he seemed to hesitate, till a whisper from Blanche advised him to answer correctly, and not unnecessarily provoke one who had them in his power; when he immediately related his name, birthplace, and destination.

"A Virginian, hey?" returned the questioner, a moment; maybe playing over with some malignant pleasure. "Well, I love the Virginians, I do, and I'm one of 'em myself. It strikes me you've heard your name afore—for I war once living in that same county you name."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Eugene—who, not perceiving the expression of Blanche's countenance, or words, brightened up a little with the thought, that perhaps one who had been a resident of his native place, might possibly have some little sympathetic feeling for his companion and friends. "Then I may hope you will be kind enough to inform me where you lived, and what was the name of your family, and the last thirty grated, as he stood forth, rather than end:

"She a daughter of Philip Bertrand, of Aitemarle?"

"Well, suppose I am?" returned Blanche, not a little surprised that the name of her father should be known to one who stood in the breast of her enemies.

"Speak!" stamped the renegade: "yes or no! Ar' Philip Bertrand, of Albemarle, your father?"

"Colonel Philip Bertrand, of Albemarle county, is my father," replied Blanche, in a calm, quiet, determined tone, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon the satanic face, while every fierce features of him stood before her, his one slightly twitching, and his whole form, and the other involuntarily feeling for the hilt of his long hunting-knife.

Suddenly the renegade burst into a loud, harsh, demoniac laugh, and then exclaimed:

"It's not often that so much good luck pipes itself up in a moment to a poor devil come to him; and this here begins to make a rigular Christian of me; for it shows me as wrongs will come right, some time or other, if we only wait long on the Lord's time. You don't understand this, do you, Miss Bertrand?"

"Most certainly not," returned Blanche.

"Well, I'm going to tell you—for I'm the one as wouldn't keep the secret from you for the world—Oh, no! Fun, fun, fun, that's the ever hippen to hear the name of Ralph Hawley?"

"Ralph Hawley!" repeated Blanche, as she once more felt a chill, like that which she had felt before.

"Will, did you ever hear any good about it?"

"I do not know that I ever did—it seems to be improved upon my mind wonderful-like."

"You heard your father mention it, perhaps?"

"I do not more especially remember—it may have been my father!"

"Well, what did you hear—don't you remember that much?"

"I have heard nothing of late years," answered Blanche; "but it seems as if I must remember of having heard something when I was quite a child."

"Well I'm going to tell you—that's the one as wouldn't keep the secret from you for the world—Oh, no! Fun, fun, fun, that's the ever hippen to hear the name of Ralph Hawley?"

"Ralph Hawley!" repeated Blanche, as she once more felt a chill, like that which she had felt before."

dangerous as that of indulging in the society of a man she loved, without the right of loving him.

She reasoned with herself, that matters could go on as they always had done; no one need know that her regard for Max Raynor was anything more than the friendship which had so long existed. It would make her miserable to go away from Hillsdale, and see him no more, and she was not one to do right at such a sacrifice.

But Harriet was mistaken if she thought herself capable of concealing anything she felt, successfully, from so keen an observer as Max Raynor. No time elapsed, therefore, before some chance word, or look, or gesture of hers, came upon him like a revelation. He was bewildered, and yet thought it impossible he could have mistaken its meaning. And so he resolved to watch for a confirmation of his sudden suspicion.

This was all wrong, of course, but vanity will mislead a man, even when he possesses the safeguard of a strong and true attachment to such a wife as Susie Raynor. Max was far from being perfect, he was not insensible to flattery, and what flattery is sweeter or more subtle than the unguarded attachment of a girl one knows to be pretty, and amiable, and warm-hearted, and believes to be innocent? His wife was still the dearest earthly object—beloved, honored, cherished above all others; but then she had encouraged his attentions, his kind, brotherly attentions to Harriet Dean, and, of course, after all that had passed, she would not be made uncomfortable if he continued the same friendly intercourse. At any rate, he resolved to do so, until he ascertained if his suspicions were correct.

But in seeking to gratify his curiosity, he gradually found his feelings more and more interested. It needed no long time for Harriet fully to betray herself, and Max, still led on by his vanity, and the consciousness of an unsought triumph, had not the courage to depart in silence, and, by his firm and wise reserve, to end at once a connection so dangerous.

He yielded to the temptation, so far as to draw from the now frightened but imprudent girl an acknowledgment of her regard. And when, with her beautiful eyes overflowing with tears, and her whole attitude expressive of the despair she felt, she said that she would leave Hillsdale forever, and bury her unhappiness in some remote solitude, he was unwise enough to oppose so rational a resolution, and to persuade her that, conscious of her own rectitude of intention, there could be no possible wrong in her remaining among the friends who loved her.

He had not rated too highly his influence over her. At these words her good resolutions vanished. It no longer seemed impossible to remain. She promised that she would do so, that in no way would she alter her daily conduct, and the promise was sealed with a kiss, that was yet lingering and burning on Max Raynor's lips when he sought his home.

A few wretched weeks passed. The necessity of secrecy weighed heavily on Max Raynor, whose every thought, until then, had been open to his wife. More than once he resolved to release Harriet from her promise, and to advise, and even assist her to remove to another home. But at every sight of her pale face, and the evident struggles through which she was passing, his vanity would be rekindled. Nevertheless he avoided her society as much as was possible without exciting the observation of Susie, and tried to [illegible] with the thought that he was doing all that could possibly be required of him.

The two, meanwhile, partly unconscious of their danger, partly unwilling to acknowledge it, were standing upon the very verge of a precipice—to go forward was ruin, safety could only be found in retreat. Haply for them, Susie made, at this time, the discovery that, of all others, they most dreaded she should make; and Susie, in this, as in all other circumstances of her life, showed herself a wise, strong, and loving woman.

Harriet had been passing the day with her. They had been alone, for Max had been absent since morning, involved in some tedious law-case, and Harriet, too miserable for disguise, had displayed her wretchedness in every word and movement, through the long hours. When Max returned at evening she grew more cheerful, and as Susie departed for her nursery, she laughingly commended her friend to her husband's care, commanding him to prescribe, at once, for a fit of the "sullens."

What passed between the pair during her absence, she was wise enough never to ask; but coming down half an hour later, she saw, through the half open door which led to the next room, Harriet sobbing in her husband's arms, which encircled her as he sat beside her, and caught some murmured words that revealed to her the cause of her tears, and the purport of their conversation.

With wonderful self-possession she glided silently away, stood a moment in the hall, pressing her hand upon her wildly beating heart, and then, making some sound that gave the pair warning of her approach, she opened the door and entered.

Harriet lay upon the sofa, weeping still uncontrolably, but Max, looking perplexed and ashamed, stood leaning upon the mantel, and absently twirled some toy which he held in his hand. An expression of relief came over his features as Susie entered. He held out his hand to her, and when she went to him, put his arm about her as if he found safety in her presence. Susie read him well. She no longer doubted that his love for her was supreme, and, the momentary fear and anguish removed, her course lay plain before her.

She made no remark upon anything she saw. She soothed the weeping Harriet, ascribing her tears to her evident illness; and when she was ready to go home, Mrs. Raynor, on the same pretext, as well as Mr. Raynor, accompanied her. On her return Susie told her husband what she had seen, the simple truth, coupled with no reproaches and no suspicions, and asked him to explain it. He did so, confessing all without reserve, and assuring his wife that not for one moment had his heart wandered from her, even when his vanity led him to triumph in the evident attachment of Harriet. She believed him, because she knew him to be truthful, and had never thought that his love had grown cold. It was with a great pang that she saw him going down, ever so little, from the summit of her truest respect and regard, but she was conscious of human imperfections, and not without self-reproach, as she thought of how she had left him to an insidious temptation.

As a true friend she went also to Harriet. Her advice to leave Hillsdale was heeded, and a friend in the city, just then writing to offer Miss Dean a home in her family for the winter, she gladly accepted the invitation and departed. When she next returned to Hillsdale it was in company with her husband, a man as different from Max Raynor as could well be found; but as his wife he seemed fondly attached to him, it is at least safe and charitable to conclude that she had quite recovered from her former ill-starred and imprudent fancy.

Max Raynor had never held his wife in so high appreciation, never loved her better, or respected her more truly than when, by her wisdom and kindness, he found himself extricated from the dangerous predicament into which his vanity had led him. Every day convinced him that his heart had been untouched by Harriet—that it belonged alone to Susie—and never afterward, though in his future career of fame and honor his society was much sought by the wise and fair, did his affections, or so much as his fancy, wander from her whom he, as well as all who knew her, acknowledged to be a MODEL WIFE.

THE DONATION PARTY.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

In a little, quiet town, cradled amid the hills, and sung to nightly slumber by the never silent sea, has resided for many, many years, a family by the name of Marlow. When Mr. Marlow brought his young wife and her sisters to live in the two-story house under the hill, life looked pleasant and interesting enough to them all. They felt no sense of weariness, no sinking of heart. Not one foreshadowing of all the discouragements that were before them oppressed their spirits.

They were lively, industrious, hopeful. They owned their house; they had a little store and a fair business; they were starting well in life—what was to hinder them from going prosperously on? But ten years passed, and although the husband, wife and sisters had all been diligent, there was no perceptible increase in their riches, and in the brightness of their prospects. But they were all young yet, and didn't much concern themselves; time enough ahead for getting rich, and for getting married.

The house looked "spick and span"—it was newly painted. Many pretty new articles were added within. The garden was in its glory. Oh! what a place of wonders to the children was the house and the garden of Mr. Marlow. The store, too, was a marvel—everything so orderly and so pretty there—and Miss Margaret, the ruling genius of the place, making sale of her goods by her good-natured manner and pleasant smiles.

But ten other years passed away, and there had yet been no advance, but rather a retrograde movement.

"Why was it so?" the Marlows said, complainingly, when nobody in the world ever worked harder, or managed more prudently than they; and, besides, where there had never been any children to make expense, "what, in the name of sense, was the reason that they never could get a step ahead, more than if they worked in a tread-mill?" Nobody could answer the question.

The Marlows felt perplexed and troubled; but, after all, they were all in good health, they had a great many friends and acquaintances, and middle life had hardly passed yet. Perhaps there was still time enough to grow sufficiently rich to rest during old age. This now was the hight of their ambition. So, gathering up hope and courage, they went cheerfully on again. But ten years more, and then another ten, departed, and the Marlow family were far, far *below* the point at which they had started. They had worked hard all their lives, had managed closely, had denied themselves almost every relaxation, and had cheated themselves of sleep, and almost of needful food, and here they were, like horses who, after spending all their strength to draw up a load of stones from midway on a hill, find themselves at last at the hill's foot.

Their house had grown dark and old-looking; their garden was not what it once had been; their store was eclipsed by many more pretentious ones; their health had followed their youth. Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were greatly changed in looks. He was tormented, and, at times, rendered almost helpless, by rheumatism. She was thin and nervous, besides being most of the time low-spirited. The sisters had not passed untouched of time, though upon *them* he had not laid so heavy a hand. The merry, happy talk of future better times had long ceased to echo in the old house. Everything was neat and comfortable still—it could not have been otherwise under that regime—but all seemed to speak of disappointed hopes and of uncheered decline.

Over their kitchen fire the sisters would hover at night, and talk low, so that Marlow might not hear, and be pained, of all that had been hoped for and worked for, and had never been gained. They talked of the many, many who had started poorer than they, and who had, long years ago, ridden swiftly past them along the highway to fortune. Many they named who once looked up to them, and who then were always glad to visit them, who now dwelt in their elegant carpeted and pictured mansions, and swept in silks along the streets, but never seemed to remember now their ancient familiars. There was bitterness in the hearts, and tears in the eyes of the sisters, as they thus discoursed, for the magic spring of youth was broken in them, and they could see *no bright side* to being poor, forsaken and forgotten, in their advancing age.

"Forgotten!" there is always a bitterness in being forgotten of our kind; and when we feel deserted of those who were our friends, or appeared to be such, and who were loved by us, how intense is that bitterness.

And now, for several years, the family under the hill had been taking heavier and heavier to heart the unwelcome and discouraging thought that no one considered it of any consequence whether *they* were prosperous and happy, or unfortunate and miserable; in short, they felt that they were being forgotten.

But, as said one ever beloved, their heads were "full of what the apostle calls vain imaginations," and while they sat murmuring over the fire, all over the town there were people feeling kindly, and talking kindly of them. More than this, they were planning to give them a happy and *profitable* surprise. "They have done their secular duties as well as the best of us," said the people, "and only because fate was against them, they have not prospered as well as we. It is hard upon them. Let us give them a lift, and prove to them our sympathy in a way that would be agreeable to us had we been unfortunate."

And the thing was settled—there was to be a donation party for the Marlows.

But they must be got away from home upon some pretext; and it was foreseen that *that* would be no easy task, for Mr. M. loved home more than ever any domestic cat did. Not once in years did he make anybody a visit. But visit he must now, let the case be as it would. The good doctor undertook the effort; and by some unknown legerdemain he finally succeeded in getting the whole family over to his house to spend the evening.

Unfortunately for the surprise, Margaret had heard some hint of what was going on, and she would give herself no rest until she heard the whole plan revealed. She, however, though almost bursting with the gratifying secret, managed to keep it from the knowledge of the other members of her family.

But when, during the evening, word came to the doctor's that he must go immediately to see what ailed a young girl who boarded with Mrs. Marlow, and when her brother and sister jumped up in alarm, and followed as fast as they could in the footsteps of the doctor, *she* guessed what the call meant, and that there was no reason for alarm in the case.

Meanwhile how busy hands, and feet, and tongues had been in the home of the Marlows. Men and women, youths and maidens, all came laden, and in high glee, to deposit their gifts. Wagons drove up, and barrels full of flour or meat were carried in. Wheelbarrows cast their loads into the yard, or the house—fires were set agoing, lamps and candles lighted, and tables spread. Poor old house! it thought it was surely bewitched, and that fairy times had returned upon the earth. When all had been brought, and while mirth was at its hight, the doctor and his guests arrived.

"What does this all mean?" asked Mr. Marlow, completely bewildered. Then, as the truth dawned upon him, he walked about, speaking, with trembling voice, his thanks to his friends, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his heart swelled with such sensations as it had never thought to know again.

Mrs. M. and Margaret flew hither and thither like girls of sixteen. They clapped their hands, they laughed, and they cried; and their joy and satisfaction delighted everybody who was in the house. It was a draw game—no one could tell, in that case, which had been most blessed, the giving or the receiving. It was a happy time for all, and the warmth and cheer of that evening will shine all the way to the end of the Marlow's journey.

Their bodies were benefitted by the gifts that were provided, but not half so much good was done them as their whilom downcast and lonesome hearts had received. It was as though there had been a resurrection, as indeed there had, of confidence, courage, and happiness.

But the evening waned, and the neighbors said good-night, and parted; leaving the Marlows to shut up house, and gather once more about the fire and talk—of *what*, think ye? Of how they were deserted and forgotten? Far other material for converse had they now; and they were no longer careful to speak low, "lest Marlow should hear and be pained."

God, the compassionate Father and Saviour of all, had been showing them, through this manifestation of neighborly kindness, how tenderly He remembered and cared for them—how He had seen and pitied the sadness and discouragement of their hearts, and how He could send comfort and help when it was least expected. He had spoken to their hearts in loving kindness; and now it rested with themselves to decide whether they would return that love, and for the future trust in Him.

BEATRICE GUIDING DANTE.

A Picture.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And thou art come again in angel-guise
  To him who lost thy worshiped loveliness?
In the wild, splendid darkness of his eyes,
  Softening the shadows of their mournfulness,
There is a love and adoration blent,
  Love for the earth's young beauty thou'st retained
And adoration for the glory sent,
  With heaven's bewildering brightness all unstained
Around thee. Oh, how much undying grace
Is in thy light-robed form and sweet, *serene*, bright face.

Guide on—*he's worthy!* Lift the cloudy veils
  That hide each empire in Eternity;
[illegible]
  He will forget his wrongs and woes with thee—
Guide on—beguile from memory's cruel might
  The impassioned softness of the Italian breast—
Kiss each slim shadow from his pale brow's light—
  And—tell A MORTAL which one is most blest,
Sweet thing of love, the angel that thou art,
Or—*wert*—while shrined within the heaven of his high
  heart!

"BORN TO GOOD LUCK."

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

Harry Clare was a good-natured, generous, kindly-disposed fellow, who loved good cheer and easy life, and whose faults were of that open-hearted character which seldom meet with severe censure. When Harry was not Harry—that is, before his parents had given him a name—an old woman who claimed to be his god-mother, pronounced these mystic words over the future Harry: "THE CHILD IS BORN TO GOOD LUCK!" So deep an influence did this fair sooth have upon the minds of the simple parents, that they were led to regard Master Harry—when they had thus named him—as a wonder. A thousand little things occurred during his boyhood to confirm them in their conviction. He got wet, but didn't get cold. He fell from trees and high beams, and didn't get hurt. And at school he accomplished marvels.

The result of all this was, that Harry grew up with the same faith. He believed most firmly that he was born under the benign influence of a lucky planet, and that the world could not but go well with him. When he had done going to school, he learned the blacksmith's trade; and when he was able to work for himself he took a wife—took Susan Martin—gentle, pretty, loving, faithful Susan. Her parents objected to the match, because, they said, Harry had not energy enough to carry him through the world, with the care of a family upon his shoulders. But Susan loved him, and she became his wife.

"Didn't I know that I was born to good luck!" cried the happy Harry, a few days after he was married. "Haven't I got the best wife in town?"

"There isn't a better one in the country," replied the young man to whom he had spoken. "And I hope you'll appreciate her. Susan Martin might have had her pick from a dozen of the best youths of the village, and there's not one of them but that would have made her a good husband. See to it, Harry, that she never has occasion to regret the step she has taken."

"Of course she never can regret it," said the exultant husband. "We'll sail along with fair breezes all the time. I tell you I was born to good luck, and my fortunate star can't fail me."

His friend shook his head and walked away, and Harry went to his shop, where he found half-a-dozen customers waiting for him, and some of them growling because he had not been there before.

Five years passed away, and Harry had three children. One evening he entered his house, and found Susan with a cloud upon her brow. He asked her what was the matter.

"Shall I tell you the truth, Harry?" she said, trying to smile.

"Of course you must. So out with it."

"Then it is simply this: We are going behindhand."

"Behindhand?" repeated the husband. "What d'ye mean?"

"Why—your business is not attended to as it should be. You are forgetting your own interests."

"Pshaw! Don't you worry, Susan. Just wait until you see me make a haul. I made twenty dollars this very day on a horse trade."

"And how much did you make by your trade yesterday?"

"Why," returned Harry, hanging his head, "I lost something there. But I'll make it up. I was born to good luck, and I know that fortune can't desert me. Don't worry, Susan."

"But, Harry," said the wife, in a mild, persuasive tone, "you don't realize how much you are losing. If you would trust more to your own wit and judgment, instead of to your *luck*, as you call it, you might do better, even at trading in horses, and such stuff; but, believe me, you would do far better to stick to your shop, and do the work you would be sure to have there. Only see how much work now goes out of town, because you are not to be found at your forge when wanted."

"Let 'em carry their work out of town, if they want to," said Harry, rather petulantly. "I sha'n't worry. Just you wait until I strike a streak of luck."

"Believe me, Harry," the wife said, as she arose from her chair with her babe in her arms, "if ever you strike that '*streak of luck*,' as you are so often pleased to call it, you will strike it upon your anvil."

Susan went to put her child into its little bed, and Harry said, "Pooh!" and then took up a paper and began to read.

Harry knew that he was neglecting his regular business, but then he hoped for something better. So firmly had the old faith in good luck become seated in his mind, that it had grown to be a part of his very existence. He felt sure that he should some day make a fortune, when people least expected it. He had heard of vast fortunes being made by mere strokes of luck, and why should not he, who was *born* to that end, fare as well? The result was, that his mind became distracted from his shop, and his customers were often forced to find another smith to do their work.

Harry traded watches, traded horses, dipped into petty speculations, and, in short, seized upon everything which presented itself, with a lucky side to it. At length a "streak" came. He drew a hundred dollars in a lottery. He went home with exultation in his countenance.

"It's commenced," he cried, as he chinked the gold before his wife.

"And you've drawn that in the lottery?" returned Susan, with a dubious look.

"Yes—a cool hundred."

"Will it pay your debts, Harry?"

"Eh? Debts?"

"Will it make up for the time you have lost?"

"But this is only the commencement, Susan. I've only just struck the streak. Wait awhile. My luck is coming. I tell you I was born to it, and it can't fail me."

"Ah, Harry," said the wife, with a sad shake of the head, "I fear this will prove the worst luck you have had yet. It is only an ignis fatuus that will lead you deeper into the mire than you have yet gone. Why not drop all such schemes at once, and go into your shop and stick to your business. It would be better for you in the end—it would be better for you now."

"What—leave my fortune just as I have found it?" exclaimed Harry, vehemently. "No, no. I had a dream—twice repeated—and that makes three times, you know—that I should have good luck in these kind of ventures; and I'm going to follow 'em up. Just you wait, my dear."

And Susan did wait. She waited until she suffered more than she would tell. She waited until the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness from her eye. Susan sewed till night she plied her needle without ceasing. Her children must have food and raiment, and she must furnish them. She plead with her husband, but he would not see. She pointed out to him how he was losing both business and friends, but he would only look to the future, whence his good luck was sure to come. So Susan was forced to look to the future also, and she prayed that it might bring relief.

For a whole year Harry Clare dabbled in lottery tickets, and at the end of that time he had lost nearly every penny he had been able to raise. He grew desperate, and resolved that he would make a heavy strike somewhere. "*Strike upon your anvil*," whispered a voice; but he would not listen to it. "I was born to good luck, and it must come, sooner or later," he said to himself; and then he tried to study up some new speculation. He was sitting all alone in his little office—a pen-like apartment in the back of his forge, where he kept his books—when two men entered the shop.

"This is too bad!" said one of them, whose name was Atherton, an extensive builder, as he saw that there was no fire upon the forge, and no workman in the shop. "We must have a new smith in the place. Here have I over five hundred dollars' worth of work that must be done the present season. There's all the forging for Grant's new mill, and the iron work for the upper bridge."

"There's one thing certain," replied the other, who was a contractor, and had some interest in the builder's work, "we shan't get anything done here."

"That's so," added Atherton. And with this the two men left the shop.

When Harry went home to supper he found his wife quite sick. She was pale and weak, and her head ached. In the evening he went out for the doctor, and when the man of medicine came he said that Susan was down with a severe fever.

"She must have got cold," suggested Harry.

"No. She must have overtasked herself," returned the doctor, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Both mind and body seem to have been worked too much."

For the first time Harry Clare felt a real, operative pang at his heart. He knew why Susan must have worked so hard, though he had not thought of it with any seriousness before.

But Harry's thoughts were not allowed to rest idle for the want of pricking. One evening, as he was wending his way homeward from the doctor's, where he had been to get some medicine, he noticed that a party of young men were walking in advance of him. He knew, by the sound of their voices, that they were friends of his, and he would have advanced and joined them had he not chanced to hear his own name pronounced. Curiosity to know what they had to say of him led him to approach them without being observed, and he heard their conversation distinctly.

"It's too bad," said one, in a feeling tone. "Harry Clare might do well if he would. Only look at that wife of his! This town never afforded a better one. See how the poor thing has scrubbed and slaved to support herself and family, while Harry has been waiting for that *luck* of his."

"That's so," rejoined another, who was the tailor in the village. "She has done more work for me within two years past than any other two women in the place; and within the past six months she has worked beyond all account. About all that she and her children have had for food and clothing must have been earned by her needle."

"It's a shame," resumed the first speaker. "Only a day or two after Harry was married I told him he had got as good a wife as there was in the country, and I hoped he'd appreciate her. He said, of course he should. But just see how it's come out. I got married about the same time, and went into business when he did,—and my trade isn't anywhere near so good as his,—yet I have bought a house and paid for it, and have something laid up beside. Why—if he'd only stuck to his business he might have been one of the most prosperous men in the town. But he thinks he was born to some good luck that'll come to him, one of these days, like a fairy's gift."

"Well," remarked a third person of the party, "he did have a stroke of good luck when he got Susan Martin for a wife; but he's never had one since."

"Unless," added the previous speaker, "we call the possession of that wife a *continuous* stroke of luck! But I'm afraid he won't keep her long. Alas, for poor Susan! Harry don't know what a jewel he is wearing away. He don't realize that when he got her for a wife he got a piece of good fortune that might have lasted during the longest lifetime, if he would only have taken his share of the trust and responsibility."

At this point Harry had to turn off from the main street, and in a few moments he was left to his own reflections. As soon as he was alone he stopped and gazed down upon the ground; and thus he stood for some minutes.

"I think I'm waking up!" he finally said. And then he walked quickly towards his house.

He found Susan much better, and the medicine which he had brought helped speedily to revive her. On the following day Harry went to see Mr. Atherton. He found that gentleman just entering his chaise to ride away.

"I understand that you have some work, in my line, which you want done," said Harry.

"Well—what of it?" returned the builder.

"I should like to do it for you, sir."

"You, Mr. Clare?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I must have it done in time."

"If I take the job, sir, I'll do it as I promise," said Harry, promptly.

"But this is something new," replied Atherton, with surprise. "I thought you were born to some other kind of luck."

"Perhaps I was," answered Harry, readily; "but of that kind of luck I've had enough; and now I'm going to hammer out a luck for myself. Will you let me commence upon your work?"

"Yes, sir!" cried the builder, leaping from his chaise. "Here, John," he added, turning to his hired man, "you may put the horse up. I sha'n't want him. And now," he resumed, to Harry, "just come into the house, and w'll talk the matter over. I was all ready to start for Marlowe to get my work done there; so, you see, you didn't come a minute too soon."

The result of the conference was, that Harry was to do all the iron work Atherton might want, and he was assured that there would be eight hundred dollars' worth of it before the year was out.

One morning the people who lived near the blacksmith's shop were startled by the clang of the heavy hammer. It was but little past sunrise, and yet the blows upon the old anvil rang out clear and loud, and they saw black smoke rolling up from two of the chimneys. They went and peeped in at the door, and there they saw Harry Clare, with his stout arm bared to the shoulder, wielding his hammer with strange energy. A new man was at work at the second forge, and his two apprentices had something else to do than lounge about and cobble old horse-shoes.

Susan Clare sat in the great rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, for her old mother who had come to nurse her, said she was well enough for that. She gazed up at the clock, and wondered where her husband was. It was past seven, and supper had been ready some time. At length he came; but how differently he looked from what had been his wont some years past. His face was flushed; his eye was bright; his bosom swelled out with a hearty breath; and his step was heavy and emphatic, just as though it had a purpose. And then upon his shirt there was a grimy dirt, such as used to be there years agone; and when his gaze rested upon the table his countenance glowed as though he had a grateful appetite.

"What, Susan," he cried, as he saw his wife sitting there, "are you well enough for this?" And as he spoke he moved to her side and kissed her.

"I am getting better very fast," she replied.

"And you must get well as soon as you can, Susie; for I can't have you sick any more."

"She must get well so as to finish up those vests for the tailor," interrupted the old lady, with a spice of bitterness in her tone. Susan cast a reproachful, beseeching glance upon her mother, but the words had been spoken.

"No, no," said Harry, with a smile, "we'll have no more of that. I took those vests last evening and carried them all back to the tailor, and told him that my wife could work for him no more."

"But—Harry——"

"Stop," interrupted Harry, as his wife commenced to speak. "There's no more need of it, for I've struck my streak of luck at last. I knew I was born to good luck, and that I should find it sooner or later. I've found it!"

"Found it?" repeated Susan, trembling with hope and apprehension both.

"Yes—I've found it in my wife, and in my shop. I've been hammering it out all day. People have been staring with wonder to see Harry Clare ringing away upon his anvil at such a rate, and they may stare as much as they please. At all events, I can give them this assurance: If the sight is worth seeing, they shall see it, henceforth, at any time, while Harry has his health, and the sun's up! And now I am hungry, Susie. I'll eat supper, and then I'll tell you all about it."

And after supper was over, Harry sat down, and wound one arm about his wife's neck, and then told her all he had to tell; and when he had done this he asked her if she could forgive him for the past. She rested her head upon his bosom, and wept, and forgave, and blessed him.

And, day after day, the old clang sounded forth from the smith's shop. Great pieces of iron assumed strange forms beneath the persistent strokes of Harry's hammer, and, as he cast them, one after another, upon the rough floor, he muttered to himself—"There's another piece of good luck! I'll forge me out a fortune yet."

Susan was not long in getting well after her husband had made her so happy; and when she was plump and rosy once more, and the children could romp about the house without fear of tumbling up the carefully arranged packages that used to come from the tailor's, Harry took her upon his knee and kissed her, and wound his arms about her.

"Susie," he said, with fond enthusiasm, "didn't I always tell you that I was born to good luck? Only, ye see, I missed it for a while."

"But you've found it now," whispered Susan.

"Yes," cried Harry, "I've found it in a noble, loving wife, and in the firm, fixed purpose to walk right on in the path of duty. The crown of good luck is upon my brow, and, next to yourself, my beloved, its two brightest jewels—the two jewels without which the crown becomes but a mere load of dross—are, INDUSTRY and PERSEVERANCE!"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LET US ALONE.

This is all we ask of the nations of the Old World. Kingdoms and Empires! Governments of all kind—the only bond between freemen and crown vassals. In their common aspiration for liberty. The Atlantic not only separates continents, but she draws a line between races, impelled and guided by opposite and conflicting principles. On the one side, is man confounded with the nation: on the other, the nation suppressed by the man. Recently protected individuals, because they support monarchy—though the walls which military tyrannies may serve to oppress, imprison, and crush them. Republicanism makes every man a wall to protect itself, and by making each man equal to any, leads by manner in any grand battle—where each feeling himself a portion of the nation, battles for its rights and knows no defeat but death.

In our side of the line, the man is everything; the state, the common weal, power, and progress consult him, and the poorest peasant is enabled to move one king slightly in the exercise of a franchise, by his unequal right, about the same as the share of the national voice. A nation formed on such a basis can never succumb with the common selfishness, tyranny, and debasement of the monarchy with which we have to contend. Perhaps each of its many millions against the highest of corruption; because each is equal to any, and can make or unmake what represents more than a "royal majesty." The Republic consists not in everything, for man cannot live in the republic—it is the order of its rule and will, and its growth and action as well as the growth and action of man, clothed with absolute rule, ruling his own life.

The Old World reads and ponders, or yet acknowledge little or no such power in man. They hold the individual weak and impressible, compared with the nation and its constituted head; and however much the crown may feed and forge fetters and self-sovereignty, he can find no space for the exercise of his feeling or the utterance of his thought. Thus isolated, he stands in the dark. He has no ground, lofty spring of action, like the sovereign race. He sees but his own puny, insignificant rights, illustrated in the example of the nation. That all powerful branches, the members of each, enters not into his vision in the council, nor from his palace in the field. The Republic is man's political state, where individual liberty and equality, once recognized, must terminate in the supremacy of every other blessing. It is upon this principle that the United Republic is to expand, and absorb all nations and peoples—and the only basis of a true monarchies and empires, is to "let us alone."

HANDS AND HEARTS.

Many are the hands that are held out to us, but few hands and hearts, and however eager we may be to seize the former, we are not willing to be so hasty as to the time to which these words are applied. We want no one man that he has a heart, and of matter that he has none. We want a hand that is a hand at his trade, and another is a good hand. Sometimes we are a little in a strange mood, and want "Hands wanted," or, "A few hands wanted." Sometimes we are invited to take a hand at whist, and sometimes we say we have no heart to go about a disagreeable business. Hands are now extended for in the shop windows. We never see with pointed with "Hearts wanted." There is some thing more mysterious about a heart than a hand, but yet even the most stupid amongst us can perceive that hearts are in demand, and more frequently and earnestly sought for, and more difficult to find, than even the hands.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO!

A distinguished Frenchman once said, "Everything happens in Paris."

This spirit is fast becoming Parisian in its respect. Not satisfied with our own independent variety of habits, customs, scenes, incidents, we even borrow material from Paris. We allude not, now, to the fashions. We take French ideas of society and government—socialistic doctrines of the most disorganizing tendency—revolutionary notions of the wildest and bloodiest type and stage! There is nothing, which occurs there, so objectionable as to fail to find admirers here—nothing so dastardly that it can not be more of plausible, more or less numerous and bearby! What are we coming to?

TEN-SIXTEENTH PEOPLE.

In our young days, we understood everything literally—poetry, mystery, fable and allegory; and we could not see why, when a man was a gentleman, we gave our own skin a most acute and searching examination, if they were not of the very two classes—thick or thin—we were to be ranked.

We have changed all that now. We have lots of friends and acquaintances, and endeavored to know whether they were rich or poor, as we always met them with the same cordiality and respect. Our shrewd people were the most sensitive, fretful, and suspicious, as vulgarity reported to be. But we were easily puzzled, and still are; for we have found, in our peregrinations through life, many who were neither rich nor poor, but in the middle walks of life, and who, in their dress, manners, and conversation, were the most difficult to classify. Standing at all, we never could identify them. The proverb respecting the sensitiveness of thin-skinned people; for we believe in a sensitiveness which is in no manner connected with it—as one may invariably tie own purse, live on its own life's blood, and be thick-skinned as to the opinions of people every complaint of its own being used the own purse-bearer with regard to any grand battle—when the car. Quarrelsome people are not the most thin-skinned—nor are the most affable.

They are rude and overbearing; and, from pure want of refined feeling, they give every appearance to any ungenerous suspicion which they exercise, and cannot at once, before proof or counter action, say fancied insult or affront they may receive. These are the people that are guilty of the ridiculous and proverbial wisdom of the public: but they are as often literally thick-skinned as any of the sensitive-thin-skinned. They do not deserve the name, it is too good for them. Call a rhinoceros or boar thin-skinned! Call a man of refined and polished, who avenges a hasty expression, in a moment of anger, with a leaden bullet, and the heart of the incautious utterer; and who, perhaps, is himself assailed, with the most opprobrious and odious language to his own domestics, who dare not retaliate!

AGRICULTURE IN SCHOOLS.

Among the many improvements, not long since made, of subjects for discussion before the Farmers' Club of the "Agriculture as a branch of popular education." We very warmly approved the idea, and we still look upon it as a good one, though we have looked hopeful, as showing a disposition towards practicality in education. We have not seen much from them, in the public as well as the private schools of this country, but hints and suggestions which may be developed at the future men and women. In the rural districts, thousands of children are growing up without any other prospect of adopting the peaceful and useful occupation of their parents, who are unable to teach them anything upon their destined career. If perchance, they get a little smattering of geography, they do not know the manner, made by the teacher, to show them the relations of the commonest alluvion or soils to the productions of the farm. They have school without thought, it may be, into any book teaching agriculture, and, perhaps, would not understand it when they take their places, they are no better prepared, by what was suggested, the best of schools, for their future occupation, than their great-grandfathers until all the traditionary prevalence of their primeval days.

The right sort we had. What the sage needs most, as we have urged again and again, is a practical knowledge of it. It would that sort of knowledge which is readily appropriated to the every-day wants of the householder—that is, not being applied to the garden, the field, the forest, the orchard, the meadow, and the pasture, but to everything better, and every person happier as well as wiser!

SMALL TROUBLES.

Small troubles are always more difficult to encounter and bear than great ones. No person who has had his income doubled a great spirit. Such to deny this in his own experience.

We will bear troubles of the heaviest nature patiently one day, and sink down in despair, the next, and wonder how we could possibly be so inconsiderate. Especially is this likely to be the case when small troubles come together, and the saying is that they never come singly. It is then that they destroy our patience, and with it the indispensable virtue of self-control in the sufferer.

It is because patience under small troubles is so rare, that we have devoted a great deal of space to the theme, and have written so much upon it. We trust that of him who covered with boils, and tempted to "curse God, and die?"

The young cannot be too frequently or emphatically warned against succumbing to small troubles. They should be taught to bear up against them, and study that patience which has been characterized as a great virtue.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK.

New York, with all my faults, I love thee still; and yet for unanswering provocation have thou never set still! Yes I love thy rush, and hurry, and bustle, and fly; I wonder if the world ever really "going round," as the geographers tell us, which a question in which I might longs one to think. In all my restless moods, though I must say I never was born, I decided to Brooklyn, I don't always feel myself frowning when the imperfect consciousness coolly take off the blind when from the smiles by, over-hear a laugh in favor the rippling sunbeams haunted after them. I like the distant whirl of the omnibus cars. I like the booming of cannon, announcing a steamer's arrival, which comes to us on every breeze. I like the slap-dash, pell-mell rush of the fire-engines, round corners, and through thoroughfares, regardless of every description of puppy and nondescript young kitchen. I like the impatient pendulumes of fly passengers generally, with their stock of blessings and curses ready-to order, according to the greater or less promptness, or absence of the driver's whip; also the horse-leech cry of the venders of small wares, also the sweet "ballads," delicious fruit, cages and ballings, or held down by stones to counterbalance the wind, which I like, particularly. I like the slap-dash, pell-mell rush of the fire-engines, round corners, and through thoroughfares, regardless of every description of puppy and nondescript young kitchen. I like the impatient pendulumes of fly passengers generally, with their stock of blessings and curses ready-to order, according to the greater or less promptness, or absence of the driver's whip; also the horse-leech cry of the venders of small wares, also the sweet "ballads," delicious fruit, cages and ballings, or held down by stones to counterbalance the wind, which I like, particularly. I like the booming of cannon, announcing a steamer's arrival, which comes to us on every breeze. I like the slap-dash, pell-mell rush of the fire-engines, round corners, and through thoroughfares, regardless of every description of puppy and nondescript young kitchen. I like the impatient pendulumes of fly passengers generally, with their stock of blessings and curses ready-to order, according to the greater or less promptness, or absence of the driver's whip; also the horse-leech cry of the venders of small wares, also the sweet "ballads," delicious fruit, cages and ballings, or held down by stones to counterbalance the wind, which I like, particularly. I like the booming of cannon, announcing a steamer's arrival, which comes to us on every breeze. I like the slap-dash, pell-mell rush of the fire-engines, round corners, and through thoroughfares, regardless of every description of puppy and nondescript young kitchen. I like the impatient pendulumes of fly passengers generally, with their stock of blessings and curses ready-to order, according to the greater or less promptness, or absence of the driver's whip; also the horse-leech cry of the venders of small wares, also the sweet "ballads," delicious fruit, cages and ballings, or held down by stones to counterbalance the wind, which I like, particularly.

THE DEATH OF MRS. JESSIE WILLIS.

I have been a frequent visitor. It was in a Church yard to pass through a garden to reach it—the warm sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing their sweetest notes, as if to welcome the Summer's approach, and it is was a fair young wife and mother, pale and sad, who was borne from their door upon the coffin-lid. Four it was her husband, and beside him were her aged parents, and her sister, and little girl who she had brought with close their fading eyes, should fade from. In a house opposite, I saw the mother of the dead wife, and the little girl, who had been her sister's playmate, but old enough to feel the sacredness of the duty that they were then called to perform. Two days after, I saw the same little girl, who had been her sister's playmate, and her little girl, who had been her sister's playmate, and her little girl, who had been her sister's playmate, and her

TO ARTHUR.

BY MARY W. STANLEY OSBORN.

I sit in my lonely chamber, and a band plays on the shore—
They are playing Annie Laurie, and the Lady of Shalott—
And I shut my eyes and listen, and think I have crossed the sea,
That I hold the music in Woodstock, and you are once more with me.

On a beautiful July evening—oh do you remember it now?
We listened to Annie Laurie, while the light of the moon was low;
And I said to you that moment—I know I see far away,
The dull chain of the night, and each shiny, wherever a band shall play.

I think of you here this evening, and my tears fall hot and fast,
For the pain of our present parting, and the joy of our lovely past;
There will be one to smile desires, and I am not ashamed to sigh,
As the chords of the plaintive music float out on the air and die.

Would I had been Annie Laurie, and we had lived long ago,
In our brave books of the moment, ages were lyre were low;
For better it were so be resting, away from this trouble and pain,
Than to feel, as we do, in our loving—we never may meet again!

RICHARD HOFFMAN:

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ONE BOY MISSING.

It required all the powers of self-command which our hero possessed over himself—and they were naturally great—to enable him to control not only his feelings of impatience, but the disgust he felt in coming in contact with Captain Gall, whom he looked upon as one of those brutes who take a keen delight in human sufferings. But for the peculiarity of his own position, he would have told him what he thought of his conduct, and reproached him with it. The dread of defeating his hopes of clearing his father's fame restrained him.

"You don't like wine, I believe," observed Mr. Chaloner.

Our hero filled his glass and passed the decanter, observing, as he did so, that he had but a poor head for drinking.

"Heart, you mean," replied Sanford, malliciously; for he took pride in the opportunity of emitting his jealous fears of his employer. "That, I fear, is absent!"

The sentiment began to look uneasy.

"And very natural, too, sir his age," added the captain. "What I was a-saying, I felt its keen with every fresh face. Happy to take wine with you, Mr. Tyrrell."

Richard forced himself to comply with the invitation.

"You make no reply to the accusation," observed the host, with a sickly smile.

"What reply can I make?" replied the young man. "It is the mere harbinge of society, and the submitting to it the penalty which youth pays upon its entre. If I am dull and prejudiced, you may thank your guest."

"Thank me?" repeated Captain Gall, in a tone of surprise.

"My visit to the ship this morning."

"Why, you scarcely drank anything; did he, Sanford?"

"Certainly not," said the clerk.

"Not bad, either. I trust I shall never have that excuse to make," said our hero. "But the sight of the Candor reminded me of dear old England, and those I left behind me."

"Hoomph!" exclaimed the commander.

"Love-sick, more likely," added the confidential clerk.

"Perhaps neither—perhaps both," replied Richard. "At any rate, I'll not feel myself called upon to take much up my conversion or listen to my confession: *I am not so young as that.*"

"I can speak for Mr. Chaloner," said the clerk, "if you have not lost much of your animal spirits since you came to India."

The merchant confirmed the speaker in his assertion. He was, indeed, prompt to lend him into something like an avowal of his opinions and feelings; and his guest, who saw the drift, determined to avoid and punish him at the same time.

"Perhaps I was not in love then," he observed. The jealous husband winced.

"You are now?" he observed.

His guest engaged his silence.

"Mr. Tyrrell is a great admirer of beauty," observed Sanford.

"How can he make any pretense upon the subject?" demanded our hero, somewhat haughtily. "I really think the conversation has gone quite far enough—not that I am naturally of a captious disposition, but there is such a thing as self-respect."

"And self-conceit," sneakily ejaculated the mortified clerk.

At this part of the conversation a servant entered the apartment to invite the gentlemen to take coffee with the lady of the mansion. Mr. Chaloner led, and was followed by his wife, who turned to offer any objection.

"You must offer my excuse," said Richard, feeling to depart, for he had recognized Zenon the eyes as he rode past the verandah, leading his horse, and knew by the sign of intelligence he gave him that he had succeeded. "I have an engagement."

"A rendezvous!" exclaimed the captain full, laughingly.

"Well," replied the young man, smiling, "for once I do not mind confessing that it is a rendezvous, and that has been the cause of my abstraction and impatience. Are you satisfied with the admission?"

"Perfectly," cried the gentlemen; and Sanford quoted the well-known lines of the poet and fabulist, Gay,—

"As, when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place."

In perfect good humor at the storm of badinage, the young man took his leave, and the merchant, with a much lighter heart, invited the remaining guests to follow him to the verandah, to take coffee with his wife.

Where is Mr. Tyrrell?" demanded the lady, in a tone of disappointment.

"He has left."

"How slight."

"I proceed him to remain," observed her husband, facing his spouse upon her, to mark the effect of his words, "but he pleaded one of those engagements which youth looks forward to with impatience."

Zenona did not appear to understand him.

"Where the heart accompanied," added the speaker.

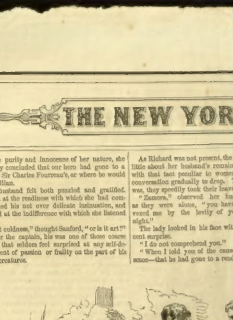
"Ah! yes! I know!" she exclaimed, with a cheerful smile; "he was quite right to go under such circumstances. I should have insisted upon his leaving."

In the purity and innocence of her nature, she naturally concluded that our hero had gone to a party at Sir Charles Fourneau's, or where he would meet Lillian.

Her husband felt both puzzled and gratified. Puzzled at the readiness with which she had comprehended his not over delicate insinuation, and gratified at the indifference with which she listened to it.

"Is it coldness," thought Sanford, "or is it art?"

As for the captain, his was one of those coarse natures that seldom feel surprised at any self-development of passion or frailty on the part of his fellow creatures.



MEETING OF RICHARD AND JACK.

As Richard was not present, the lady cared very little about her husband's remaining guests, and, with that tact peculiar to women, permitted the conversation gradually to drop. The consequence was, they speedily took their leave.

"Zamora," observed her husband, as soon as they were alone, "you are surprised and vexed me by the levity of your conduct to-night."

The lady looked in his face with an air of innocent anguish.

"I do not comprehend you."

"When I told you of the cause of Tyrrell's absence—that he had gone to a rendezvous with—

"And what were those words?" inquired Richard.

"*Love is not their temptation,*" replied Jack, solemnly. I often repeated them to myself slightly, when the companions of my youth were drinking, or telling tales of home that made my heart sad; for I had no home, no one to care for me; and they chased away bad thoughts. Sometimes I wondered what had become of you; and, when the brute to whom my penniless uncles had disposed of me treated me with cruelty till life became a burden, vowed that it was only a fitting punishment for having sought to make you an illustrious as myself."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus," observed his friend, gravely; "for it occurs to me sometimes that you possess good seeds of life, and are anxious to redeem the future; but proceed. I have given you an opaque all interruption."

Jack began his narrative from the time of his first meeting with Richard in the park; and when he described his mother and her sensitest on the bridge, and his own share in running her, the grateful man grasped his hand warmly.

"Poor mother! he sighed.

"Have you not seen her?"

"No."

Jack regarded him with surprise.

"But I know that she is well and happy," added our hero—"happy as far as being placed above want can make her. Proceed with your own adventures; mine you shall be made acquainted with hereafter."

The young man listened attentively to the visit which Jack made to the house of Mills in the Dalhousie road, and the arrangement respecting the child; but the latter would scarcely comprehend when the narrator informed him that the name of the child was Lillian.

"Lillian?" he repeated.

"Have you ever seen fairy gave her."

"Describe her."

Jack did so, and, although years had elapsed, the picture drew was still so faithful that not a doubt remained upon the mind of his hearer. His mother had therefore remained with Sir Charles; and that she saved her present position to the captain, he had owed to the feelings of our master by repeating.

But for the kindness of Caleb who was almost as great a sufferer as myself," he added, "and the same person who spoke to you in my behalf, life would have been insupportable; it was a heavy burden even with that friendship."

"Caleb!" ejaculated Richard.

"My uncles must have paid the captain well to get rid of me."

"Child is seldom chary of its cole when safety is the prize. But did you never, in any of the posts you put in at, attempt to escape?"

"Twice," replied the sufferer; "both in China ports and at Cape; but neither counsel nor magistrate would listen to me."

"Why not?"

"The captain told them I had been a thief."

"Did you not write to Sir Charles himself?"

His former companion indignantly," and that ought to have been sufficient; but long ago, better have dawned. I have not forgotten your past kindness to my sister Mary or myself."

"Do you, sir?"

"Call me, Richard."

Jack blushed locked in his face, and faintly uttered,

"I must now tell you of my adventures," continued our hero, "which have been nearly as strange as your own. The gentleman whom we saw in the park listened to my tale of distress and temptation with a pitying ear; and, finding it a true one, took an interest in me, sent me to school, and educated me."

"Oh, thank heaven!" exclaimed his hearer, clasping his hands. "I have not your ruin to answer for. When I saw how well you were dressed, that you had servants, a horse of your own, I was half afraid—"

"That your losses had taken root?"

"Yes."

"Fortunately it did not, nor ever will, I trust. My benefactor gave me his family name."

This was perfectly true, Tyrrell had been the name of Mr. Beattey's mother.

"And now you are in India for a purpose which I will one day explain to you, enough at present that it is an honorable one; but you must promise me, Jack, to forget that I ever bore any other appellation than the one I am at present known by."

"And what is that?"

"Richard Tyrrell."

Jack repeated it several times to himself, and faithfully promised never to address him or speak of him by any other.

"As long as you observe that promise," said our hero, "you are safe, even if Captain Gall should discover you are beneath my roof, for I have both the power and will to protect you—perhaps, also, to assist your friend Caleb."

His hearer could only look his thanks.

"Ah, too, is an appreciate to this monster, you say?"

"Yes."

"And has signed his initiatives?"

"Yes."

"He must be a subject for after consideration. My present plan is that you should remain here quietly till the Candor has sailed. Leave Caleb to me. You will require some time to recover your health and good looks. When the ship is gone, and the accumulation of your having been kidnapped or no longer hangs over you, you can appear freely in Calcutta. Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, quite; not only satisfied, but grateful."

"It is settled, then."

"And your servant."

"No, Jack," replied our hero, giving him his hand, "you are free. Prosperity has not deprived my memory. I know the temptations, the arts which beset your youth astray; and am resolved on giving you an opportunity of redeeming yourself."

The poor fellow could only look his thanks.

"Can I judge the crime, God the temptation," added Richard, solemnly. "I have felt the last, though happily, I escaped the first."

"Happily, indeed!"

"And now tell me, have you never thought of the girl you described to me—of the pretty Lillian?"

"Thought of her!" exclaimed her former protector; "ay, a thousand times. And it has added to my misery to think that one of Miss—she's I know what that means," he added, with a shudder.

"What if she has escaped him?"

His hearer could his head incredulously.

"And were in India?"

"Impossible."

Nothing more was possible," observed our hero. "Providence is wiser than we know or can imagine. It was the slightest doubt but what I tell you is correct; but I will ascertain to-morrow."

"Oh, let me go with you!" exclaimed Jack, with deep earnestness; "it no one see her. It will take a weight from my heart."

Richard looked at him earnestly. The idea that the poor fellow loved her struck him, but was instantly dismissed; both were so young when they were separated by the clever contrivance of the captain.

"All is good time," he said.

"You cannot tell what I owe her."

"Not her?"

"Yes. She taught me the prayer I told you of."

"I see, indeed, I know; and once we all have need of," observed our hero. "Good night," he added, "I will see you again."

The two young men who had known each other as boys, and in poverty, shook hands and separated; the one for sleep, the neither of them could forget the adventures of the day. Poor Jack, how his heart bounded with gratitude at the conviction that he had found, at last, some being to care for him—that life was not all a blank. Had his protector demanded his life at that moment, in the fullness of his feelings, he would have sacrificed it freely in his service.

Lillian had given the uncared-for outcast the first idea of a God; his friend had now reconciled him to humanity by the golden links of sympathy and kindness.

Although greatly surprised at what his *protégé* had told him respecting the orphan, our hero felt that the fair girl was dearer to him for her misfortunes. Her birth might be obscure; but what cared he for its adventitious advantages. He would not barter one grace or virtue in the being he loved for the noblest name the heraldic page ever blazoned.

As he was to start the very next day for his visit to Mr. Mills's country-house, it was necessary to consider how he should dispose of Jack. To take him with him without first relating his history, and consulting Sir Charles, was out of the question; and more than his own honor was appeared still more objectionable. Captain Gall might discover his retreat, and force him, in the absence of his protector, to return on board the Candor. In this dilemma he determined to apply to Wharton.

He would have consulted his friend Marsh, but, strange to say, the lieutenant had quitted Calcutta two days after the ball at the government house, and given his ward no other explanation of his departure than a hastily written note, in which he stated his intention of returning in the course of a week or two.

"Bring him here," said the young officer, the instant Richard had explained the difficulty; "he will be safe enough till you come back. I will take charge of him."

"The thing I most wish," replied his visitor; "and yet hesitate to accept it."

"Why hesitate?"

"He is only a common sailor."

"What has that to do with his remaining with me, if you desire it?"

"A runaway from his ship."

At this piece of information his friend looked a little serious.

"One of the Queen's ships?" he demanded.

"No."

"Hang the merchant recruit!" exclaimed Wharton, with a laugh.

"He was transported on board," added Richard.

"Poor fellow."

"And been most brutally used."

"Bring him at once," repeated the officer. "His captain will never think of asking for him here; and, if he does, I shall know how to answer him. Why do you hesitate?"

"Simply because your generous offer, should I accept it, entails on me the appearance of duplicity."

"Not a word—a syllable," interrupted Fred. "I've wrong my friendship when you suppose it necessary. We know, and, I believe, understand each other. If we reveal it as excellent fellow, he has lived with me from boyhood. I can rely on his discretion."

"You are a generous fellow, Wharton," exclaimed his friend; "I will find that, to justice in myself. I ought to tell you all."

"Not if the account of justice on your return from the hills," replied the young officer. "I have no time to hear it now; you write; bring him, and make yourself easy as to his safety. It is enough for me to know," he added, "that you feel interested in his fate."

An hour afterwards Jack Manders was transferred to the quarters of his protector, on the barrack-yard; and his protector on his way to pay his promised visit.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE REVELATION.

The first great event in the dawn of manhood to whom the heart finds a voice whispering the name of one loved being—when the first passion, as a thousand waking dreams possess the brain, palsating a happy, but, alas! too often unfelt, future. All the romance of poetry and love had arrived; feelings whose novelty both pleased and startled him burst into existence; feelings delightful and tender as the earliest flowers of spring—delicious buds of opening beauty.

Conscious of the importance of the motives which brought him to India, and the position in which, from the coresheaves of his name, he was placed, he struggled for awhile to repress the emotions which at last the new proved by his strength. It was in vain that he devoted himself with increased assiduity to the duties of his profession—counting hours—even there the recollection of Lillian accompanied him; and when, at length the new-born passion by violent exercise when he sallied out to the chase, and, with his friend and his thorough-bred Arab along the banks of the Hooghly, as desperately as if he were about to encounter the tiger or the elephant—only ended in a call at the residence of Sir Charles Fourneau, till the sweet face and form of the beloved one were so acquainted with the road which led to it, that his horse had only to bridle when he arrived to proceed there of his own accord.

Neither was Lillian's image unwelcome. The blind heart had shadowed her with its mystic, unthinkably influence. During the day she appeared in the midst of a romance which he now recognized as indulging in that delicious dreaminess which precedes the first passionate love of inexperienced influences.

Lady Hall, who loved her with a mother's love, was not slow to perceive the change in the manner of her adopted child, and perfectly comprehended the cause of absence of ever watchful. She had long since penetrated the state of Richard's feelings with regard to Lillian. All the happiness of her accommodation, he was the only one to whom she could have confided her beautiful and lovely girl, with the full and intimate conviction that, as far as manliness of honor and delicacy went, she would indeed receive the happiness of woman, he was calculated to do so.

Richard was a favorite friend and hailed her presentation. Although she had, with infinite tact, given him to understand that she was never

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the river, might cool the fever in his heart. But it was not to be sought; exercise seemed rather to increase it. Vainly the young horseman wooed the breeze which at sunset plays along the stream; it seemed lost to the flame. Tired out at last, he relaxed the rein, and his horse ceased of itself the usual direction.

"I can turn at the ghost," thought his rider.

The landing-place was passed, but it was with the full recollection of taking the next turning, which led to his own house. Somehow, doubtless the youthful portion of our readers can explain why, the second intricate portion of a maiden-lane fault, and the fanny Arab drew up on the parade-ground in front of the residence of Mr. Challis.

Several grooms hastened to take his horse; it was a common occupy when which should succeed, for they had frequently experienced his generosity.

On entering the saloon, Richard found that it was untenanted. Neither Lady Bell nor her adopted child were there. The former was engaged in giving directions to Rose for the journey on the following day to the Hills. The verandah, which both dropped an extensive garden, terrified like a walk forth in the hope of finding them.

Lillian's grey lay in profound meditation, had only preceded him a few minutes. He discovered her seated under the shade of a wide-spreading orchard tree, whose rich flowers cast forth a delicious perfume.

His approach was unnoticed till he stood before her. She her gift, somewhere upon whom her thoughts had been engaged, started as he first audibly blended deeply as the extended her hand to him. It trembled within his.

"I thought I should find you here," he exclaimed. "The alone in sentiment."

"Lady Bell is engaged," replied the maiden; "and the freshness of the evening induced me to visit the garden. I will inform her lady that you are here."

"Do not let me drive you away," said our hero, still retaining her hand in his. "It is the hour for enjoying the beauty of Nature."

The eyes of the speaker were riveted upon one of her masterpieces. Never had he seen her look so lovely.

The lovers—for unconsciously they were such—lingered for a few moments, watching in silence the sweet close plentiful scenes which surrounded them ere Richard broke the solemn scene, so broad was the flood of golden light upon the slopes of the garden, and the distant lake waters with the few they palms and underwood of richly-tinted foliage.

Both revealed alike; yet they fell too large for each other's society to break the spell by words which neither dared to make the echo of their thoughts.

The air, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, whose delicious leaves it scarcely ruffled in its course, was so calm and still, that the hum of the myriad insects, and amongst others the fire-fly, which already began to put forth its phosphoric rich light, could be distinctly heard.

But although the voices of the youthful pair were hushed, their hearts communicated through their mutual sympathy with the beautiful in nature. Their eyes, too, were engaged, the gentleman had one discovered some fresh charm in the glowing landscape than a gorgeous palatial it cut, and communicated the pleasure it afforded to the other.

To Lillian this dream-like happiness was an unalloyed as her own innocent nature. If her feelings were deep, they were also calm as the placid lake which slumbered unruffled beneath the star-gemm'd rain breath. Not so her companion—there was an alloy in his happiness; his heart longed to speak, to pour forth the eloquent passion of its love whose burning words were confined.

The thought of the future, however, still restrained him.

"This scene is indeed beautiful," observed Richard Tyrrell, at last breaking the silence. "Never till this moment did I appreciate to the full beauty of the Indian landscape—its graceful palms, brilliant vegetation, unbreathing hills and cultivated plains. Its beauties, compared with those of our distant island home, are of a less tender description, and full character, if I may be allowed the expression, but far more magnificent."

"You have described in a few words the characteristics of both lands," she replied; "India is magnificent, and you appear so charmed with its grandeur also, its dreams, and poetry, that I presume it is your intended residence for life."

"Perhaps!"

Lillian recoiled him inquiringly.

"I am like a bark without rudder or compass at present," he continued, "I am the sport of the waves or accident; they may cast me on some desert shore, without one hope for the wrecked hunt to shelter in."

"Say, rather, on some verdant isle," observed the companion, in a tone which betrayed the deep interest she felt in his welfare, "where you may find a home of happiness and sweet content. Sir, Richard, sir," she added, for she had long since ceased to address him by the familiar appellation of Mr. Tyrrell, "why doubt the goodness of Providence in the margins of your own highly gifted mind?"

"It is not energy I require," answered the young man.

"I am sure not."

"Or an aim; understandly, I possess both. It is that I perceive as yet no termination to the task I have imposed—the difficulties appear impossible."

"Impossible!" repeated the orphan, "to persevere—and to succeed."

"She hesitated, not liking to pronounce the word.

"Wealth!" he exclaimed, finishing the sentence for her. "Dear, dear Lillian, the heart has other feelings and aspirations than those that which gold can gratify."

Lillian blushed deeply, and turned aside.

"Love," he continued, o'erlapping with the word the burden of pleasure and misery which he had lately pronounced impossible. "Nay, turn not from me, for my destiny is to love—my happiness depend upon this moment. I love you, Lillian, with a fond passion that were unworthy of you; but with manhood's fervor, reason's constancy. I know that I am unworthy of the name I ask; but one word—one little word—will make me less so, for it will give me hope, fresh courage to accomplish the deed which I have assigned myself."

Still the speakers were children of nature, perfectly unfettered by the cold and artful forms which too frequently destroy the ingenuousness of youth. The word he alluded to, the word which was to exercise such a extraordinary influence over his future destiny was spoken, or rather whispered, for Lillian breathed it forth so gently that none but a lover's ear could have caught the sound.

In an instant he was upon his knees, covering her trembling hand with a thousand kisses, and silently vows which, when the heart is true, are graved upon it indelibly as on the granite; when false, transient as those which possess writer on sand.

We need not paint the intercision of the moment when first the lip of woman breathes into the ear of manhood the confession of its love. The soul expands—colors on a new existence—and all natural paradise is the lover's bliss.

"Oh, Richard," exclaimed the fair girl, "I have acted selfishly, ungenerously by you. Take back the vow if your heart have received."

"What mean you?"

"That I am poor—"

"Rich, Lillian," interrupted her lover. "Rich in life's best graces—beauty, gentleness and goodness. Such were so sought's clover."

"My love," he breathed. The affection of Sir Charles and Lady Bell are my only passport to the circle I aspire to—the consideration which surrounds me."

"I value nothing?" he replied. "Do not wrong yourself or the world by supposing that all men estimate your rare by the adventitious advantages of birth and fortune. No, Lillian, no, had you been as poor and humble as you paint yourself, my heart could never know another choice."

For several moments the speakers stood absorbed in the contemplation of their happiness, filled with that dream come other thoughts. The declaration of his passion, and the avowal of his love shared, rendered an explanation with Sir Charles and Lady Bell necessary. Honor demanded it; and faithful to its dictates, he resolved at once to obey them he candidly revealing to the guardian of Lillian the circumstances under which he quitted England.

Fortunately, he had in his pocket-book a letter which he had received that very day from his grandfather.

Drawing the arm of the fair girl within his, he led her towards the house. Lillian, who had never learned not her ladyship in the saloon.

At first glance, Richard saw that Lillian girl ensued Rebels, who had attended upon Lillian from the time of her arrival in Calcutta, emerged from a clump of trees, where she had been a concealed witness of their interview. Like an ill-omened bird she glided from the shade towards the opposite direction.

"Is the garden so late," observed Sir Charles, curiously; "you forget, Lillian, that the night dews are dangerous."

The gravity of the speaker's tone and manner was continued with a smile by Richard Tyrrell; and not yet made his intention as clear as he considered he ought to have done. *Lady Bell*, with a woman's tact, perceived at once what was passing; and, taking Lillian by the arm, she led her from the room, under the plea of requiring her escort to an explanation.

"Sir Charles," said our hero, with manly frankness, "I am glad that I have found you; for it could not have endured the suspense of a night, scarcely of an hour. The time has arrived when I must claim your indulgence."

The soldier bowed.

"And assistance: for I have deceived you."

"Deceived me!"

"I love Lillian."

"That I have long perceived," replied her guardian, "and wondered at your silence."

"The knowledge of it kept me from her love," continued the youth; "and the happiness or misery of my life must depend upon your decision."

"A few minutes since," said Sir Charles, "and I should have answered that this conclusion had fulfilled one of the secret wishes of my heart; but now I guess. I am a soldier, Mr. Tyrrell, and have a soldier's stern principles, which I cannot understand, that cannot understand deceit. If the confession which I presume you are about to make, arose simply that you are poor, I reply frankly, and at once, that you are not a fortune-hunter."

"I am rich enough, and shall, in all probability, one day be more so," replied the lover of Lillian.

"Perhaps it may affect your birth," observed the gentleman. "I have no prejudice on that score. My parents are of my world; I believe in the fact of origin."

"My birth," said Richard, "is as respectable as your own, Sir Charles—not noble, I avow—"

"I understand, Mr. Tyrrell," interrupted the baronet, "I state at once that unblemished honor is an indispensable condition. Lillian must never think for the name of her husband."

"The name of Tyrrell is not mine."

"Indeed!"

It was the name of my maternal grandmother," replied the young man.

"I am the grandson of one of the wealthiest of our English merchants—a man whose name still stands high in the mart of trade, and untilled in the open of the world. It was by the wrongs of may, I may add entreaty—that I visited India under assumed names."

"To pursue my father from an unmerited accusation—to clear his name from the foul aspersions cast on it from of the world."

With the simplicity of truth and nature, our hero proceeded to narrate the circumstance of his mother's marriage, her parents' anger and disinheritance, the final weakness of her husband, the poverty into which they had fallen, his own imprisonment and consequences. When he had done he concluded by placing in the hands of Sir Charles the last letter he had received from his grandsire.

There was something extraordinary in the narrative; and, accustomed as it was by experience in his grandfather's letter, Sir Charles became convinced of its truthfulness. What but a high sense of honor could have induced the speaker to sever circumstances so painful to his feelings, and humiliating to his pride, when he had the option to gain silence on the subject and all would have remained unsuspected? The recommendation of Mr. Curry and the introduction of the house of Challice and Company would have been sufficient security.

"My dear fellow?" exclaimed Sir Charles, extending his hand to him, which the young man shook mechanically; "strange as your story is, I believe every word of it; and will not counsel you to act in any way unworthy of your honorable and spotless name. You are only advisable but necessary."

"And I may hope—"

"Everything," replied the guardian of Lillian. "But you are both too young to think of marriage; to accomplish the deed you have assigned yourself. I shall return to England."

"Alone?" exclaimed Richard; "my task will not be accomplished."

"Pooh! like most lovers, you fret create a dreams, and then turn pale at the monster you have made. We will bring the affair to an end long before the time arrives. You have given me a right by your confidence to interfere in this affair."

"That is the name of the firm," he added, "through which the acceptances were cashed in India?"

"Medjohn and Al Morad," replied our hero.

"Of Calcutta?"

"Yes."

The baronet made a note in his pocket-book.

"The senior partner," he observed, "died about two years since, enormously wealthy; by his will he directed that all his capital should be withdrawn from the firm; and I have heard that his successors are in consequence searching for want of funds."

"I can answer that It is so," replied the young man; "twice, within the week, has Al Morad sent me cunning-loose to solicit accommodation."

Sir Charles rose, extended his countenance.

"Have you much paper of his?" he asked.

"Not fifty thousand rupees."

"And what said Mr. Curtiss?"

Confident he merely recommended the managing clerk, talked him over till he consented. If there has been foul play, he is the man suspected."

"What are his antecedents?"

He was a clerk in my grandfather's establishment."

"Do you wish him out to India?"

"My grandfather, on the recommendation of his nephew, Cane Kearn, who, at one time, was destined to be the husband of my mother."

"And do you suspect the nephew?"

"I do not; but I suspect, that he is without proof."

Good," muttered the old soldier, pleased with his candor.

The suppliions arise, in the first place, from the fact that Cane Kearn has done much to make my grandfather believe my father guilty, and also from his having recently confirmed in the selected in the agent to investigate the affair."

"And his next?" said the old soldier.

"In the next place, his uncle always avoided speaking of him in my presence."

"That is strange," observed Sir Charles Fourbrass, "very strange. Mr. Beatly feared to become your trustee?"

"On what subject?"

"Your debts."

"It might have been mine before I came to India," answered the youth, "for the old man knew me, and when I first stated to him my intention of quitting England, of devoting my energies to clearing my father's fame, offered to settle his debts, and place me in the world at once as a gift."

"Without conditions?"

"Not exactly, he wished to impose two."

"May I ask them?"

"The first was that I should consent to bear his name."

"You might have accepted that," observed Sir Charles.

"I did."

"And the second?"

"That I renounced all intercourse with my parents."

"Which you rejected?"

"With much indignation, for long years: for I would not barter the love of my dear mother and sister Mary for all the coined wealth of the universe; it would be a species of infamy unpardonable, for I should have fixed the brand of reproach upon my own brow."

"You acted rightly," said his hearer, deeply moved by the noble, spirited conduct of the youth, who continued—

"If I consented to the estrangement for years from my parents which my grandfather enforced, it was from the conviction that the sorrow and self-reproach caused by my own wrong necessary to confirm an erring father in the path of reformation. It was the secret wish of my parent's own advantage, or doubt of his honesty. I could as soon have struck him to the heart, as doubted the purity of Lillian, or the kind friendship of Sir Charles Fourbrass."

"It was your own proposal, then, to come to India—by your own love of this sad mystery?"

"It was."

"And your grandfather?"

"Consented most reluctantly; for I will not conceal from you that his suspicions, amounting almost to conviction, were directed against my father. He provided me, however, with the means of making the journey, and I left him with the belief that I would his influence to procure me letters from the house of Challice and Company, and an introduction to the house of Chalice and Company."

"But why the latter?"

"I selected it."

"Because Sir Sanford is the managing clerk?"

"Yes."

"And wisely, too, my dear boy. I see it all: your father's name was not known in the commercial circles, and your singular history but dovetails and tallies with strict truth. You may find my assistance of more value than you as first imagined; I know something of the Indian character and the key to unlock its mysteries. But come," he continued, "neither my wife nor my ward must be kept in suspense as to the result of our interview. I will myself undertake as much as I deem necessary to the former."

"Sir Charles!"

"I authorize—nay, advise you to conceal all from Lillian, at least for the present. She has never seen no good purpose to cloud the dawn of her young happiness with double and fears. The heart of woman is a fragile thing, and is easily shattered by the thought of danger to the object of its choice."

Taking his visitor by the arm, the speaker proceeded with him from the saloon to the feeder of his own heart, and to engender a reliance upon us, the source of mutual delight.

Boys are gregarious creatures, and when in health and happiness delight to congregate and to each other, they are all noise and sport.

"Trying to make a noise by kicking a football."—*An only beloved son.*

But when grief has fallen on their most delightful illness, unnerving and loitering, by gross inertness, or sullen lowness, they show no signs of activity. Watch them unmoved, and you will find the lips pressed, the brow contracted, and the whole face might be mistaken for profane, but it is not that, nor is it easy to define; it is, however, expressive of strong emotion, the result of sensibility and intuitive perception.

Training Children.—Some dangerous theories are afloat in regard to the passion power which is of feeling; that people of warm tempers have necessarily warm affections; and that a boy's spirit should not be broken. Now, we believe that a burst of passion is neither more nor less than a bad habit contracted, and that individuals who does more injury in one hour of anger than to undo, perhaps, in years of willow. It is not likely to make his friends with that his feelings feel only the quick and revenge strength of the sword, and that his spirit had been curbed only by his reason.

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THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

BY AUGUSTA MOODIE.

A young man stood in the center of a dim chamber, holding in his hands his first-born child. The little creature, with its pure face fixed on the tiny creature he held. Tears came into his eyes as he reflected on the utter helplessness of that unknowing being, that "little pilgrim of love, coming more knowledge." How strange, how wonderful the mystery of the newly-conceived priest of God's household, "that the great God, should entrust to the care of a sinful mortal like me the care and training of one of his human spirits. How awful is the responsibility that has come upon me. I feel that this is not my child alone, but that he is also the child of the Eternal God, and at my hands will his soul be required. Not for my pleasure or for the whim of my old age is this dear infant given, so much as for my instruction in the things of God. I feel this hour that the universal Father has held his hand on me in a most solemn charge. He bids me to interpret to my child the character of his heavenly Father in such a manner as shall give him a worthy and shrinkless idea of God. I would not have him known now, and die this moment, than live to treat my boy in any manner that shall cause his heart to shrink from God when, in future years, He shall be presented to his mind in the character of a father. I hold then, my immortal union child, and ever then I receive, God helping me, and I will, to the utmost of my power, represent to thy unfolding mind the justice, the wisdom, the mercy, the patience, and love of God, that thou may learn to love Him."—Then the young man's head to baden to his arms and look upon his face; that the heart may willingly and gladly yield Him its service and homage.

Father and mother, on the single figures of the gospels, and never, ever, may these crafty fiends of hell have to say to the daily and hour on you, to libel, by his own behavior, the paternal character of the Father of us all. Then sit in my power, my babe—my destiny for weal or woe. In my hands, thy character depends upon my treatment and feelings of thee, and I feel that for all I am to thee I must account to Him who gave thee. Ah, God grant me power to do my duty by thee, unto thee, or let Him take thee, infinite, than art unpolluted, unto himself!

A GOOD SERVANT.

A good servant is a thing to be sought to be devoutly thankful. Next to having a good and loving husband comes the comfort of a trust, sober, faithful servant. It matters not what may be her colors, whether black, red, yellow blue, it's all the same if she only are right.

There cannot to much comfort in any family where there is not a servant. No matter how good-natured all the members of your family may be, no matter how wealthy you may be, no matter how many pleasant things fall into your daily life, you will find that there is a great deal more wanting and you'll have a worn at the core. Depend on that.

And if you have a good servant, be good to her that you may render her happy to make your home her perpetual home, unless she should unfortunately get married or die.

In order to prevent the former catastrophe, always be kind, courteous, and considerate. Do just as soon as you lay on an inferior, you'll never have unexpected morning to discover that your vigilance-lovable, and your servant a tickle—though you have been blessed with a treasure. Depend on after the former has been.

It is often to prevent your good girl from dying, just see that the ties things convenient for her work. Don't allow her to go from a steaming washtub out into the uncovered snow by hazy sidelights; nor expect her to do her regular work when she is sick with the head ache. Never ask her to do any of those idea of her being made of flesh and blood, and not of iron. Never, when you have company and up entre, don't forget that your servant six stone hours of labor to your one, and that consequently she may not hope to share, and steal, or go yourself, from the table, and wait on her entire fair, and then somehow ever her looseness keep by a token of your thought of her amid the revelry. Give her something from the table that you may know to show that although she is your servant, and you are her employer, you yet regard her as a respectful and kindly. "*Condescend to them who are of low estate.*"

C. A.

BOYHOOD.

Boyhood! what is the strangest idea of it? Does the word convey an individual portrait, or a compound of the imagination? What is "boyhood?" How does it commence? When depart? It has several phases. The best ideal of boyhood is found where between eight and twelve—though it exists before and after that age—but when within those years it is invested with its greatest charm. It is the first spring of intelligence, when all that meets the eye is new, and when the sensibilities, but not the feelings are tender, and there is yet just so much of the unsophisticated nature left as to be ever warm and active our affection, by demand and by nature, and to engender a reliance upon us, the source of mutual delight.

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A HOME FOR POOR WOMEN.

Why should some rich man or rich woman spend a part of the fortune that God has given, in erecting, in respectable localities, buildings made for the especial purpose of furnishing the comforts of a home to poor single women, who have no father's or mother's house in which to beg a corner? Among all the benevolent projects going on, this one seems never to have been thought of. And yet it is a very great want in all large cities, and in some more than in those two cities of New York and Brooklyn. There are multitude of well educated, and respectable women here who, by change of circumstances are deprived of the shelter and comfort of a home. By constant industry they are enabled to earn from four to six dollars a week, and woe there some place where they could, without herding with the low, uneducated, and vicious, find a lodging place, cheap and permanent, they would continue to make themselves very comfortable; and were, perhaps, by up small sums for the use of all, to save a little out of age. But for want of such a place they must spend nearly all that they can earn for their board, and your scanty in the when all is paid. They must be crowded in anywhere, must be always uncertain of how long they may be permitted to stay, and are more reluctant to a thousand galling annoyances and privations, that must begin for the tired hot traveling of the street, and restful home-feeling over their poor wearied hearts, while they are engaged in their work, who, year in and year out, for the privileges of paying sixty dollars a year for the room for being constantly harassed, ringed to allow—oh! eternally alone—death. They have their hard earnings taken from them and cut penury, except when they are sound asleep. You may think it makes no difference how many sleep you may pass upon a floor, or how many eat with you, instead of on the solid bed, you'll never make that error simply till you take the fullness from beneath it. Just so it is with a homeless woman's heart. She may be surrounded by a crowd, yet be the tope of the everlasting hills, and while she knows that she has had no certain dwelling, no one could never prevent the trouble of that thought from coming to her heart always, and in the midst of it and your gifts would, perhaps, be only new misdeeds. For else what shall a homeless, wandering woman do with what she earns? Save and live in a trunk, the less she has the better—packing being good for very few things.

A. S.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.

The man who is constantly and successfully employed to earn the necessaries of life and support his family, has no time to contemplate evil, nor for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have been accustomed to labor seldom up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, generally die early, or in a very unhappy state. Thereafter would have been blessings to the world, and to themselves, if they had been compelled to labor. They had been content to remain in a humble sphere, and would enjoyed very valuable of the comforts of their bodies. But no! fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and quiet, and ever embraced a lingering death. To who are sighing for the peace and splendor of wealth, I know it would not what yo wish. How is it possible for you to be happy unless you are well educated and decently heated? No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however unbounded, can make you forever glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment, while disappointed in your hopes. The happiest of happy places lies in this—to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendor of riches, the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily labor, are not disappointed at the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The ills and cares of life seldom contented. They are peevish, fretful, insatiable, and their constant cry is, give us more. Nature and art appear to have few attractions for them. Their minds are filled with the world. This is false state, the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death has commenced undermining their constitutions.

UNTIMELY SERVICE OF RELIEF.

A baker in Paris, a very charitable man, who had always upon principle, a sou, or a roll, to bestow upon the unfortunate, when he was sorely and imposed on, that weary of the visitation of the beggars, he hung up a notice that he would never more relieve one of them. How often are they that have been deceived, in the wish would! And not long after taking this, a miserable object presented himself at the baker's door, imploring in the name of God, to relieve him from his suffering. "Starving, indeed!" cried the baker; "that's the story I have to meet with now and then. In March, drink!—you'll get nothing here, I assure you." The emaciated stranger, almost swooned away; the baker had the curiosity to watch him, and see, after that the sad fact was true; for many stage he had not proceeded from this door, when he fell into inhospitable door, as he fell to the ground dead!

So shocked was the good baker by this circumstance, that he opened his shop, and dispensed as before; and retracting his first vow, made another equally arbitrary, that never hereafter will applied to him for relief, should ever depart from his door without it.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Faith and fortitude are never more truly tried but in extremes. To feel fitteden when we have no hope, to be patient, and to work and pray, when we are both alike coy and common. In prosperity, we will not profess to love God, and in adversity, how few will show that they do it. When we are happy in the spring-tide of abundance, and the world smiles on us, we are apt to forget to say our servants; then all runs back about us, with hated and hideous, and we feel restless and complain. But when those pleasing waters fail to shine; when the world frowns, and the heart is pierced, then sees back upon us at a distance, and stiffer them—and we feel that they were not what we supposed the love that we find. When these two shall part, we may have classes to which of them affection will make wing.

Gentleness.—It must be a great misfortune, at the close of life, to be able to look back on the years which are passed, and to find that they have lived, not for yourselves alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be conscious, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. *There is nothing in this world so good as unpleasant.* It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.

NORMA'S BRIDAL.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

The golden harps are all agone
Beneath a palace roof asleep—
Wild tides of music, gold and free
And broad as shores of breakfast rhythm—
Oh, hungry sea! oh, cruel shore!
That mocked those glorious harbor tides!
Oh, hungry sea! oh, cruel shore!
That hold such wonders on the water's floor
Deeper than ever plummet sight;
And here an Indian marriage-feast
Made on the chamber-floor at night
The Crusade, and the Resurrection—
The low dirge for pious dead,
And the free wings of Norma bore
Her spirit to the Indian heaven,
Or there, in Sol's summer space,
Night, with her thousand spiritual stars,
Glittered on a queen Madonna face
Betwixt a convent's glowery bars—
Or here, in the modern fashion,
Pale-footed Gods, and Nymphs divine,
Dotted with lilies,
As crystal cups o'erflow with wine,
Or with the rose-bud garland twined
The spirit of night, upon the table,
And reckon'd as the artist's dream
The long-lost golden age of gold
Proud forms are fitting in and fro
Twixt marble light and shadow,
Left as the chilling, smooth stone,
They were when the sculptor's genius bronze'd,
And, empress of the revelry,
Norma, the bride, was there at times!
She moved the loveliest thanks for her!
The bridal veil is on thy brow!
Grace as a queen's is in thy form!
Do flowers watch thee at the door—
Oh! I know, my Norma, thy floral fancy!
The wild, sweet voice of Gentleness?
Thou'rt loved, my Norma!
Hope shines upon thy early dwelling-place,
But with an inward, stilled sense,
She looked for glowering storm-clouds,
With sweet kiss-eyes, and cheek of gold
That like the sunlight in their fall,
The priestly beautiful—the noble—
Over Norma's home spread the veil,
To her pale forehead, cheek to flush,
To her dark eyes, to fill with light,
With their full sweet light and blush
He rose the splendid pageant go.
Of the wife of Christianne!
The outward years in beauty rolled,
Till of the sunshine Norma's notes
Had touched his wavering curls with gold;
And on her pallid wife and sons,
She counted their blessed end, fro, and wound
Her spirit in their spirits round.
Amid all sickness,
Ah, Gentlest Norma! thou wast near,
The softest voice of thy proclaim
The birthing breath in thy hair
Caused many thy hopes to swell!
One backward yearning glance she flung
To her husband's dying eye,
Then, with a smile, sprang
Turned calmly from the corrupted brain.
And years have blest as softly gotten
His the destined, and she the broken-hearted.
The poet's fantastic laurels wreathe his brow,
Her bridal-crown is dust and ashes now!

THE FADED ROSE.

A TALE OF MY EARLY YEARS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

A few frail summers had touched them,
As they leaned on each other,
Like two young flowers, whose stems
Not to resist as they voice the breeze,
Hastened to kiss, more the last; all is over,
An urn of white ashes remains;
Nothing else, save the tears in our eyes,
And our tattered, bitterest pain.—Sprague.

It was a large, old-fashioned room, which, it is self, constituted the east side of the cottage where I was born. Of itself, I say—yet there was a chamber above, of the same dimensions, which also communicated with the house by means of a long narrow passage and a flight of stairs, and which should be reckoned with it. So completely was it an afterthought, as part of the building, wherever its might be, that, stating there, you seemed to be out of from every part, and shut up in a kind of Robinson Crusoe-like house, by yourself. It only needed the closing up of the steps and door, by which you entered the parlor, from the lower garden outside, to make it quite perfect.

It was just the place for a dreamer like myself. The house itself stood far back from the road, and the yard was full of old trees and poplars, that shook their leaves and branches with a kind of mournful murmur whenever passed by. At the light of this yard, a little brook ran murmuring along to the eastern bank of the house; at the left a great orchard, full of twisted and large-limbed apple-trees, hid the neighboring cottages from sight. Between this orchard and the white walls of the house was a small space of ground, which had once been set as a flower-garden. Syringa and lilacs grew beside the lower windows—a hibiscus rose was trained against the chimney, and its crimson clusters over those of the chamber, and the ground was covered with thick beds of violets, snow pinks, migionette, monkshood, and ladies-slipper. There, unchecked by called cultivated, for little time and pains were bestowed upon them, and they ran wild over all the beds. Yet I could think of nothing much pleasanter than to sit upon the steps at the window, of a pleasant June day, when the air was blowing sweet from a bright blue sky, and look out upon that old garden, full of light and fragrance, the songs of birds, and the busy humming of countless brown bees.

To look back upon that room, and the figures parlor, was to look into the very home of cool and quiet study. Without a carpet on the floor, and with three a quiet light across the room, while two others gazed a broad ray of sunshine entered, and lay in blocks and squares upon the floor. The furniture was in keeping with the place. Great chairs of mahogany, and of grittle cane, and great oaken settee backs, which might have come over in the Mayflower, and were probably spoiled that way, as if they defied the strength of man to lift them from their places. Old pictures hung upon the wall—a faded carpet, which, in the days of its splendor, had delighted other eyes than mine, and been trodden by feet that had no rest in an Abbey churchyard, covered the floor—and the tarnished screen and couch, and old table, had the same claim to my respect. The only modern things in the room were a piano, with its music stool and books—and myself.

I sat before the piano, one summer morning, leaning my arm upon the keys, and looking out into the flower-garden. I was not thinking of that, however—I was listening to some one in the room above, who was playing an air in a minor key—a melancholy, wailing thing—and yet I loved it. It was a master hand that touched the instrument, and it gave forth its sweetest melody, as if in thanks. By-and-by all was silent.

I turned to my own lesson. It was a song familiar to every ear, and loved by all. As I played it I heard the sound of steps in the chamber. He occupant was pacing up and down, and half unconsciously, as it seemed, began to sing in a fine tenor voice, that tuned I played. The voice only stopped when I stopped, at the end. I looked out of the window, struck a few deep chords, and smiled to myself.

Partly beneath I was in that happy mood, which never comes but to the very young—the mood which finds delight in everything, intimate and inanimate, sacred. Partly, also, because I was a small, fairy-like figure, dressed in brown, and with brown curls floating over my shoulders, coming up the path. It was Rose Hills, my most-teaching and the owner of the little cottage where I boarded.

She lived there with her old mother—a quiet little figure, just suited to the place, and rendering me of a very much needed care, for she was always grown up in the shade. Her complexion was clear and colorless—her features regular and small—her eyebrows clearly but delicately penciled —her hair, brown and curling, her eyes of the same soft shade—her voice very low and gentle, and her every movement and look quiet and serene. She was very much admired, indeed, that when I stood erect she could nestle under my arm—and had a thousand little dainty airs and ways totally unlike any one else. And to this that she was somewhat diffident and reserved—leaving her friends almost entirely and fully, and finding happy in the thought that she had not an enemy in the world, and must have a fair picture of her. I have never seen a face like hers had ever depicted, and I have often sat upon me from beneath the veiled head-dress of a nun, as I passed slowly through the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, the other day. I was looking wistfully around, wondering if, indeed, those women were happy in their secluded home, and the gray world, when that face, speaking of faith, and resignation, and spiritual peace, appeared to me as as if Rose herself was standing once more before me.

As she entered the old parlor on the day of which I write, there was a heightened color in her eyes, and a dash of excitement in her manner, which I had never seen before. She answered my morning salutation hurriedly, and began arranging the flowers, which always stood upon the piano, for me. But her usual quiet was marred, and I also gave up the attempt, and turned towards my with a smile:

"You are nervous, Rose," I said, as she drew a great easy chair beside me and buried herself in its depths.

"Am I? Well, yes, I confess it. But then I have cause. Do you think I Justus has come home, and we are so happy?

"Indeed I do.

"Oh, I forgot that you do no, know him," she said, laughing gleefully. "You know my own father died long ago?"

"So you have told me."

"My mother married again—and Justus is the son of her second husband, by his first wife. Do you see?"

"Yes."

"He is not my brother, then, although I always have called him so. But no not could be kinder to a mother than he has been to mine," she added, with tears in her eyes. "You will love him, I know—you cannot help it. Especially when I tell you——"

She paused, and blushed.

"That he is to be a son to her in reality, Rose?" I cried, guessing the truth at once.

She nodded her head.

"It was all settled when he was at home last, and now he has come back for me. He promised you know, and my mother and myself are to live with him, in the home he has chosen out with. Are you glad I have told you this?"

"Very, very glad, dear Rose. It is quite a little romance in so quiet a life as yours. And when did this delightful event——"

"Only last night, long after you had gone to bed. I would not tell you this morning, for I knew fast, as he took that meal in his own room. But you will soon hear all about."

"He is, then, somewhere about here?"

"Listening to. I could not imagine what bled you to ask me that."

"Ah, you have heard him, then?" she said, her face lighting all over. "You have heard him sing? Ah, when you come to see him, you will be delighted with him. He is handsome, he is a gentleman, so graceful and handsome—and then he sings so fascinating, too——"

She was sitting with her face towards the door, and broke off suddenly, giving me an opportunity to exclaim, half spitefully,

"Rose, I sha'n't like him, I know. I never could abide those fine fellows. You are very fascinating for a little while, and as for your sing-fellows, I have no patience with them. Call me a sap-head, and marry a man."

The laugh of terrified pause on the part of poor Rose, and I suddenly became conscious of another person in the room with us. I turned suddenly around, and saw a tall, slender gentleman who was trying hard to conceal the smile my words had provoked. His very deep eyes, and his body pouring into my face, as Rose introduced us, and, after a few commonplaces, we all went out into the garden, where I could think at my ease, and recover the scene my tremendous blunder had rendered to the last degree.

By-and by they came and stood together at the open window. Lucinda had done them proud in a wreath a flowering syringa, without being seen, and I watched them with curious eyes.

Yes—he was handsome—one could not deny that. Strange to say, there was no resemblance between them. By the side of her lover, (who was tall, dark, and of a manly cast of man,) Rose looked almost too fragile and delicate. Her head, in its graceful completion, the soft brown eyes, and the curling hair, a shade more golden, looked lovelier than ever.

As I looked longer, I grew dissatisfied. If Justus Atherton's face was a true index of his character, how had he ever loved *her?* He seemed to me, from his position, calculating and unfeeling. I thought to myself, then, if he took her away from home and friends, to whom she was all in all, and unconcerned to a soul like hers, how quickly she would grow tired of him. She was not made for the hustle and tumult of the world, and he should see she was not made to share his dreams and hopes. What presence had he brought into the quiet of such a home, and Justus Atherton stood quietly on one side, stroking his moustache, and listening to us as we talked. By-and-by Rose, from the top of the brown eyes flashed, as he looked out into the road.

"By Jove! That was splendidly done!"

"What! what?" cried Rose and myself, springing up beside him to look.

He pointed to a lady on horseback, who had just leaped her horse over the enclosure, in the place of coming quietly through the gate, and was now halting to fix her long hair, which had been loosened by the leap. It was my cousin, Olive Fairbanks, who was ravishing in our quiet village, and "doing persons," as she laughingly expressed it, for the gallies of her winter in her native city of New York.

I had never called Olive handsome or beautiful. But she had a far more dangerous quality than either of those—she was *lovely.* Tall and elegant in figure, graceful in every movement, she was also the owner of the most beautiful hair and lovely eyes one who beheld her. Her face was very fair. Her forehead was low and wild, and shaded by heavy bands of auburn-curls, brown hair, her cheeks delicate, and shining coolly in a distinctly-marked china—her mouth very small and sweet, with its full, red lips, and teeth like little pearls—and her hands and feet were those of a child. Her voice, too! But alas, with all those outward gifts, the inward was of a very much needed improvement. Selfishness, ungovernable temper, and a total want of feeling. She had that pride and love of power which Lucifer himself first knew—and she was unscrupulous, crafty, and designing, and cruel, even to those who loved her, and whom she wound to love.

Yet there she sat before us, bright and beautiful as a May morning. I thought of the "stated appointed" of Scripture, as I saw her ride gaily up, and hold out her hand to Rose, who took it because it was offered, and because it was customary to do so. But I saw that Rose shrunk from her, and that Justus Atherton looked at her as if he had never seen anything once more before.

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Nothing Justus Atherton *closely* as she was introduced to him, and I saw the color rise in her cheek as his name struck on her ear, and something in a low voice about being happy to make her friends friends. I saw Rose look up, at the emphasis he laid upon the word "dear," and turn away to hide the tears that would fill her eyes. But I saw that Olive noticed all that, in the moment into his face, and turned curiously away to talk with me. When we left Rose alone in the parlor, she hung her horse's bridle on a branch of the tree, and walked with me, as I was without seeming to notice him.

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"I do not go, my dear friend. I came here because I wished to see you alone, and to speak of my future plans, and to be spoiled by their flattery, that when our own second perfectly to myself. I have been thinking for a long time, and I could not bear to be with them. Do you think so?"

"You see them all here," she said, quietly. "All my gifts are returned—all my gifts, at least, since we were engaged. He is free, now, and only his own property. I have only to be thankful that it is no worse, and live as unquietly as I can."

"Olive, you are cruel!" I cried, half indignantly. "How he deserved you for her!"

She paused a little at the word.

"Yes, I am 'deserted,' I suppose. I have seen how it made you all angry, but could I control or keep him, when she stood before him with her beautiful face, and her winning ways? It was folly, and yet I dared to do it."

"I shows her—I never can——"

"I think I know," she said, gently. "If they love each other, why should we complain; eh! It is better that it happened now. What should I do, if I felt if like had come upon me when he was my husband?"

At that word she faltered a little. She put her hand before her face, and sobbed for a moment, but, speaking through indignation.

"Is it, then," she went on, after a little pause, "I am afraid I was very hard and bitter. But it is different now. I can say, most truly, 'Thy will of be done.' I love him, but I can never again give him my *mind*, and now he is taken from me. Nobody shall ever hear his face—never again! I will bear his step in the chamber above—never hear his voice through the passage I love. I will—I will—he has gone—and with him my happiness and peace. Yet not my will, O, Father, but thine. Not mine! not mine!"

Her self-control had vanished. She flung herself upon her knees, and lifted her streaming eyes to Heaven. I wept myself, with a bitter pain at my heart, that one of my own home should have brought such misery upon her. I could not speak—I could only leave her alone with one whose help she invoked so fervently. I bleed the door placed in mine, and went down to the room. It was my purpose to seek my cousin, to demand an explanation of her conduct, and even to make her stone for the injury she had wrought, if it were possible. It was almost a hopeless task I had undertaken; I knew it well. But, on my first arrival at her lodgings, I found her maid in all the bustle of packing trunks for the approaching departure to New York.

Olive had been out on the couch in her dressing-room, with her white hands clasped above her head, and a smile lingering upon her half-parted lips. I burst in upon her luxurious reverie with short words and reproaches. I question if ever, in her whole life, was Olive Fairbanks in such a palsitry state.

She listened lazily, and stifled a yawn when I had finished.

"It is a queer welcome, but never mind," she said at last. "If you are quite done, my dear cousin, perhaps you will take a chair."

"Never will I sit down in your presence again," I gasped, "till you tell me you are not going to leave Rose!"

"Marry him!" she said, looking at me moodily. "Do I look like the wife of a country physician?"

"And yet you loved him."

She winced and colored. My random shot had struck home.

"And if I did have some slight fancy for him, I could not afford to follow it out, and I told him so. He was free to marry one of the richest merchants of my native city within a month."

"Will never trouble us again."

Perhaps she looked a little moved. I wrung my hands, and cried out passionately—

"Olive, why did you do this, if you had really no thought of marrying him?"

"Oh, one must do something in the country, for the sake of one's kindness," she said, with her white teeth wickedly.

I turned from the room, and her silvery laugh followed me mockingly. I am afraid, at that moment, I hated her in my heart. I went down to the parlor, and there was Rose, who threw herself into my arms, and wept as if her heart would break.

It was beautiful to see the way in which Rose bore this heavy blow. She never complained—she never thought herself to speak harshly of anyone, even that her blind mother need not know of her misery. She made desperate efforts. When, at last, she laid that mother in the grave, and was free to indulge her sorrow, I could not detect the slightest alteration in her manner. When I came from the city each summer, she was ready to meet me, as the stage stopped at the gate—a little paler, it may be, a little more quiet, a little fonder of singing the dear old songs, in the parlor, at twilight, each time—but otherwise the same. It seemed a grave and dreary life to me, but I think she loved it. There was a memory of him connected with every nook and corner of the house and garden and I think if she had been forced to give them up, her heart would have broken. As it was, her life resembled one of those placid "lanes" we sometimes see among the Scottish hills, mirroring the blue sky, and the small flowers that grow upon its banks, unruffled by adverse current, unshaken by adverse storms, but always still and quiet and peaceful—so peaceful that the weary traveler flings himself down beside it, and almost loves to breathe his life out there.

We were both older and graver than we had been when I first knew her, and I had returned for a long tour in Europe, where he had hurried, after his rejection at the hands of Olive Fairbanks, to meet with me in the city. I was glad of it, when as I came wearily over my library fire, one cold evening in January, the servant brought me a card with his name upon it. I went down to the drawing-room at once, and found him walking up and down the floor nervously. He was much changed. His head grown dark, and pale, and thin, and the stern curls, of which Rose had been so proud, were cut close to his head.

He hardly gave me time to welcome him home, before he cried out—

"Tell me of Rose. Is she yet living?"

"Is she living? Yes, thank God!"

"And well?"

"She was when I heard from her, last month—perfectly well."

"Thank God!"

He seemed to breathe freer, and took the chair I offered him. He sat last in thought for a moment, and then turned to me hurried and abruptly:

"I suppose you are wondering how I dare appear in your presence, after the cruel and unexcused girl as fill. But I have a favor to ask of you, which I beg of you to grant. Will you go with me to see Rose?"

I looked astonished—I am sure I was so.

"You do not understand me," he said, passionately. "Not for weeks would I give her another pang. I am coming back to her. Do you think she ever can, or will, forgive me?"

"Dr. Atherton, she is a woman!"

I could say no more—the words choked me.

"Then you shall go with me! You will go, my dear friend, and plead for me with her?"

I could not withstand his wish while he looked at me with eyes in which he promised to go. By the light the next morning we set out, in a blinding snow-storm. And it was on the 23rd of that day. The mighty engine labored through drift after drift, and it was 10 P. M. when we reached the town, and a troubled sleep, worn out and wearied by the toilsome journey, I had passed. It smiled morning, and a confused talking round me, to hear that we were at the station, and that there was no way till the next noon, and it was only on the fourth night after leaving the city that we entered Rose's cottage.

We drove at once to the cottage. I was a brief light in the parlor, but the path to the front door was almost filled with the drifts of the storm. We went wondering around to the side door. A tall, hard-featured woman met and admitted us. My heart sank within me when I saw it was the village doctress.

"If we expected you day before yesterday," she said, as she helped me to lay aside my things, "'Tis no blame to you, for you could not help it, and poor Miss Rose will hardly live the night through."

"Is Rose ill?" gasped Atherton.

She looked coldly upon him for the first time.

"Doctor, is it you? And you have not heard—and you have left her a bitter welcome to give you! Miss Rose has had the typhoid fever. We sent for her friend when we were afraid she could not live, and now she is sinking fast. You must go to her very soon, if you wish her to know you."

There was no time for words. He took the nurse in to prepare the dying girl, and followed her in the next moment.

Rose had been brought into the old parlor directly after we left, and a bed had accordingly been made waiting for me in New York, during the worst of our long journey, and I had only come to see her die. I was not prepared for the sight of grief, in scathing, or trying to soothe, that of Justus Atherton, while Rose lay before us, and wept and sobbed in utter agony of spirit.

It was long before we were able enough to enter the sick room. He shrunk behind the curtains of the bed, and I could not go up alone. After lying upon her pillows, white and still, as if she were already dead, Rose had fallen into a heavy slumber. He rose as I came forward, and I knelt down beside her. She opened her eyes, and a faint smile played upon her lips. I took the wasted hand into mine, and bent over it in an agony of grief.

"Don't—don't!" she whispered, putting her hand up to my head with a caressing motion. "Now you have come, I am very happy."

"Rose, I have left you, and I had never left you!" I groaned. "How little I thought, when we parted, that we should ever meet like this! How little I thought to see you here!"

"I am happy," she said again, in the same faint whisper.

The village clergyman, who had been with her during the whole evening, and administered the sacrament, and performed the last office of the church for the departing soul, now entered, followed by the nurse and doctress. Rose smiled faintly, and extended her hand. They came forward, and she bade them a last farewell with a recognizing look. The good physician sobbed like an infant, when his turn came, and I heard her say, very low:

"Is Justus here?" she asked suddenly, speaking of him by the name she had always given him.

We drew back. He knelt by her side—he took her cold hand to his, and wept like a child.

"Rose, my darling, forgive me!" cried. "God knows how well I loved you through all—He knows how I love you now!"

Her face, hitherto pale, lit up with a clear, bright color.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, in the same sweet voice. "But oh, I shall die happy now!"

He bent his head and pressed his lips to hers. He raised her to his arms, and with the small pillowed upon his breast, and her hand resting in mine, she fell asleep among us all with a beautiful smile.

"Pray for me, all of you."

We knelt around the bed. I watched her face anxiously as the solemn supplication rose from the lips of the clergyman, and as close; her breath came fainter and fainter—at last it ceased; and the hand I held grew cold! It was a happy death!

But oh! though I knew full well that "eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard" the glories of the home she has won—though I could not wish her back upon this lonely earth—I can but sigh when I think of the old house among the maples, and remember that however we may plow for the light of her presence, she will never come again—that though a thousand flowers—the flowers she loved—grow up in beauty in the garden of her home, *our* Rose will bloom and blossom there no more!

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE RIVALS.

BY ALICE CARY.

You need not step by my bed, Tommy,
My wants are all gone by,
And something's got in my head, Tommy,
That makes me wish to die.

You need not kiss my face, Tommy,
Nor keep your hand on my knee;
For me is my eyes in the grass, Tommy,
Or another lover, now.

Jennie is not at the gate, Tommy,—
How far she looks to-day!
My forehead is burning, my Tommy,
You must take your hand away!

She wears your vote in her hat, Tommy,—
'Tis true we were as for two;
But, no; not into my mouth, Tommy,
I am not allowed to feed.

She is coming up this way, Tommy,—
I hear her frocking-flower.
Straighten me, sweet, from head to feet,
And turn me toward the door.

I am saying foolish things, Tommy,
I am sick and crazed, you see.
But stand, 'tis all myself, Tommy
But you, that makes me so.

I wish I had better words, Tommy,
To thank you with I'm sure,
For being so true, that I to you,
Grow jealous in prayer.

Don't visit when I am dead, Tommy,—
'Tis sooner than I ask.
Than to be upon my bed, Tommy
With Jennie at the door.

THE FLOOD-LOCKED PRISON.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY EDWARDS COBB, JR.

"I never saw a man yet," said my friend, "who hadn't at some period of his life, had one or more very narrow escapes from death. I have had quite this way, or, 'an inch further that way,' and death would have been certain. Miracles of preservation are marked in the experience of each and, when we consider how slight a cause often leads to fatal results, it is no wonder that the theory of miraculous interposition is so universally cherished. I have had a good many narrow escapes in my day, but I think the smallest chance I ever had of boiling my life occurred last summer. It was in the early time that I ever really gave up all hope, and prepared to die.

"Charley Poole and myself were spending a few weeks in Conway, New Hampshire, stopping with that prince of landlords, Jonathan Doe, of the Conway House, and amusing ourselves as opportunity offered. Our chief resort was the mountains, however, was in trout-fishing upon Swift River. This is, in its course inclining, a while fishing stream, taking its rise among the mountains, and emptying into the Saco not far from our hotel. One morning Charley and I set out for a day's sport. We rode up about six miles, and having left our team in charge of a farmer who lived near the river, we fished it up some four miles further, intending to fish down to the village. When we reached the place where we were to commence fishing I waited some time for Charley, who, having one side of the stream, while my companion took the other.

"At last I heard him fishing an hour, or so, when I discovered that huge clouds were rolling up over the mountains which every moment grew more dense. But I was too busy to think of rain then. The trout were biting freely, and I had taken some eleven almost as fast as I could take care of them. At last the rain came, sweeping down like a cloud from the dark slopes of old Mote, and I was forced to find shelter. Charley had gone up into the woods on his side, but I found a large pine close upon at hand. Not a dozen yards from where I stood when the rain began, for there was a large rock projecting from the bank, beneath which was a cover as good as a house; and under it I crept.

"The river's bank was high and steep here, presenting an almost perpendicular surface of hard, coarse marl and gravel. The rock which served me for a roof seemed to be a projection from the ledge, as the bottom upon which I sat was of solid rock, extending for some distance above and below me. As I gazed around I found that the entire place had been fashioned on purpose for a shelter. The overhanging roof was so low that no rain could reach it upon me, and then there was a sort of rocky terrace all about me, which prevented the little muddy streams that began to run down the bank from pouring in upon my seat. This barrier had been formed in part by the projecting ledge of the surface within, where a furious eddy probably worked in seasons of freshet, and partly by other rocks which had been deposited there by the spring-time torrents.

"The rain poured down with increasing fury, and at the end of half an hour I began to think of leaving my shelter and finding some place where I could cross the river, for I knew that if it held on much longer all chances of fording would be gone, as the stream always swelled rapidly when it rained heavily upon the mountains. I was about daring upon the subject of crawling out, and had just made up my mind to do so, when I heard a low, rumbling sound over my head. I looked up, and saw the rock above me in motion. I darted out almost by spring-time. But I might be caught by the falling mass, so I started quickly to the extreme back of the retreat, and as I did so the projecting roof came down with a dull, heavy crash. It had rested, near its centre, upon the rock which formed the rear wall of the corner, but the projecting portion was by far the thickest and heaviest. That portion of the bank which had held it in its former place had become loosened by the storms which ran down its surface, and the ground had thus given up its hold, and let the rock follow its own inclination of gravity.

"As soon as I found that the rock had dropped, and was likely to fall no further, I began to think again of getting out; and when I had fairly recovered my senses, which had become somewhat scattered by the catastrophe, I started toward that—but—there was a worse fate than flight in store for me. I was shut in! Not a aperture could I find large enough to get my head through! The barrier which had kept back the muddy streams from the bank from pouring in upon me now served as a wall, and the heavy roof rested upon it so evenly that all loopholes for escape were stopped. I tried to move these rocks which were detached from the ledge, but it would be vain. I put my strength against a mountain. I soon convinced myself that no power of mine could set me free from my prison, and I then began to cry out for help. I hoped that my companion might hear me, though it was hoping against hope, for the river was rushing with a sound that completely drowned my voice as it left my lips.

"But the sum of horror was not yet complete. As I lay upon my hard bed, almost exhausted, the water began to pour in upon me through a chink at the upper side of the cover. At first I thought it was from the bank, but I soon found my mistake. It came from the river! The stream was rising rapidly! The rain was falling in torrents, and I knew that ere long the swelling tide must increase four-fold. I had seen the river fill its bank in six hours, rising as many feet in that time. My place of retreat was not a foot above the level of low water, and I had not over three feet of room from the bottom to the top. The water must have risen nearly two feet already, else it could not have come in over the barrier. Another foot, and I should be lost!

"In came the torrent, dashing and whirling about me, and in ten minutes the water within was level with the water without.

There was only about ten inches between the water and the rock overhead. I was upon my knees, and with the top of my head against the solid roof the flood reached to within two inches of my chin. I could look out through one of the apertures, and see the foaming, hissing torrent as it dashed on, tossing trees, and bushes and logs upon its murky bosom; and till I felt my life rushing out with it, I screamed with all my power for help.

"Then I madly braced myself against the ponderous rock that had fallen down upon me, and exerted every nerve and every muscle—I tore my clothing from my back—I bruised my breast till the blood started—I broke, as it seemed, solid rock, and Promethean himself was not more securely bound.

"When that paroxysm was past I began to reflect. The water was now up to my chin, and its rise was increasing rapidly. Thousands of new brooklets were finding their way to the river, and I knew that a few minutes more the flood would reach to the roof! I felt that I must die! It was the most horrid idea, the most appalling fear, that thunder roared and rumbled over the mountain tops, but the lightning would not strike for me, for I could not see it. I prayed for a quick death, and then I prayed that it might strike me. Anything would have been preferable to the lingering death before me. Finally the water reached my chin, and I was compelled to stand erect. But the respite was short. The water gathered about my neck, and a thousand tumultuous ripples filled me with new fear. The rain was incessant beyond conception. There was a rolling, as of two thousand thunders, upon the sensitive membrane of the ear, and I grew dizzy with the sound. But when the rain was stopped, which was, I suppose, after I had been a few moments more all would be over. I cannot tell you all the thoughts that flashed through my mind then. I can only tell the final thought. It was that I stood upon a level with the river, and of two little, prattling beings who might soon be fatherless. I know that I had such a sad agency—pronouncing the names of my wife and children—and that I had asked God to keep and watch over them. I prayed that I might have a burning heart, and was just ready to sink back into the water, when there came a sharp crack that made the solid rock tremble. I felt the ponderous mass above me to settle, and in a moment more it was swayed from its position, and I leaped out.

"The furious torrent hurled me against the rock—but this sudden diversion in my favor recalled all my strength and energy, and I struck out for support. I found that the rock which had served me for a roof was the last one on each corner which the current now held me, had been hurled down upon its former position. But somehow I managed to climb to the top of it, and from thence I reached the bank, and thanked God, and, when at length I reached a place of safety, I sank down utterly exhausted.

"When I awoke the rain had ceased falling, and the dark clouds were rolling away to the eastward. I was very sore and weak, and my clothing dashing as usually as ever. And I was able to see that the water was falling rapidly. I was glad to find that my companion was safe, and finally I started for the hotel. I had a hard road to travel, however, for the bridges and fences had be thrown, and both bogs were also. I was, however, at home in the evening, and the next day I was able to tell the story of my escape."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER.—It is impossible for us to answer all the "reasonable and proper questions" asked us. We have repeatedly stated that fact, and have also said that we do not consider ourselves under obligation to answer a question simply because the *asker* is a subscriber, or because it is put in the form of "because he wants an answer, or for any other reason. We answer questions, or we do not answer them, as we please, and without reference to anything in our own ideas of their importance and interest. The question which you now ask for the second time" is an individual matter, and it is impossible to answer it. You had better try again; and perhaps, by substituting *duration* for *existence*, you may succeed. If you succeed in your next letter, you will be entitled to take your case with sufficient perspicuity to warrant us in giving you an opinion upon it.

CHARLIE BOY.—You did right to quit the service of the man you refer to. His habitual profanity, and his disposition to treat you as a menial, were enough to drive you away. In relation to negotiations, more sufficient reasons for your quitting him. His threats in regard to beating your character, and his repeated vow to do the best day of your life, are conclusive. By living up to the manliest advice and instructions given you by your mother during her last illness, and which you say occasioned you to adopt your present course, you will be able to let defiance to all such bad men as he is.

ENQUIRER.—As to the reason why you should give up the habit of using tobacco is needed by your schoolmates. As the number now stands, you have given sufficient reasons. If you have not already done so, we would recommend you to get another magazine; but should you give them up, you would have only the promise of your future to look to.

NO SINGS POSSESSED.—Your letter is at hand, and, though unable now, but hoping to be able hereafter, to comply with your request, we have adjusting the matter, as best we can, and will forward you the proper papers. Never give up a daughter for any thing tangible thing.

HEART-BROKEN.—You should set up no claim to be what you really are not. Be what you are, and you will be respected. You will be able to do what you have to do in writing, one sure way to be sure of what you think and feel. Do not be ashamed of it.

MORRISON.—You would do well to exchange your watch and chain for a gold and wash-board, and thereby save your health.

A SUFFERER.—Advertisements are not inserted in more of the magazines against you, and you have the right to use them. If you succeed in selling a single article by means of the advertisement, you will be more than repaid for the outlay